THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXIV. – No. 960

APRIL 26, 1922

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LORD JESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON—NEW SERIES

Spinet
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Finest Golden Virginia.
OVALS, CORK-TIPPED.
20 for 1/6
Also 50's & 100's.

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Best for dancing & general wear. London - made, from seasoned stocks, by original patentees,
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"Viyella" (Regd) Children's Socks
Knitted from the same superfine yarn as "Viyella" Flannel. Lead every other sock in dainty softness and durability, but cost no more than the "ordinary" kind.
GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
Hollins DAY & NIGHT WEAR
Made in a wonderful range of styles and weights.
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL FIRST-CLASS DRAPERS.
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Absolutely Unique in their Qualities.
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STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES
444 Turkish.
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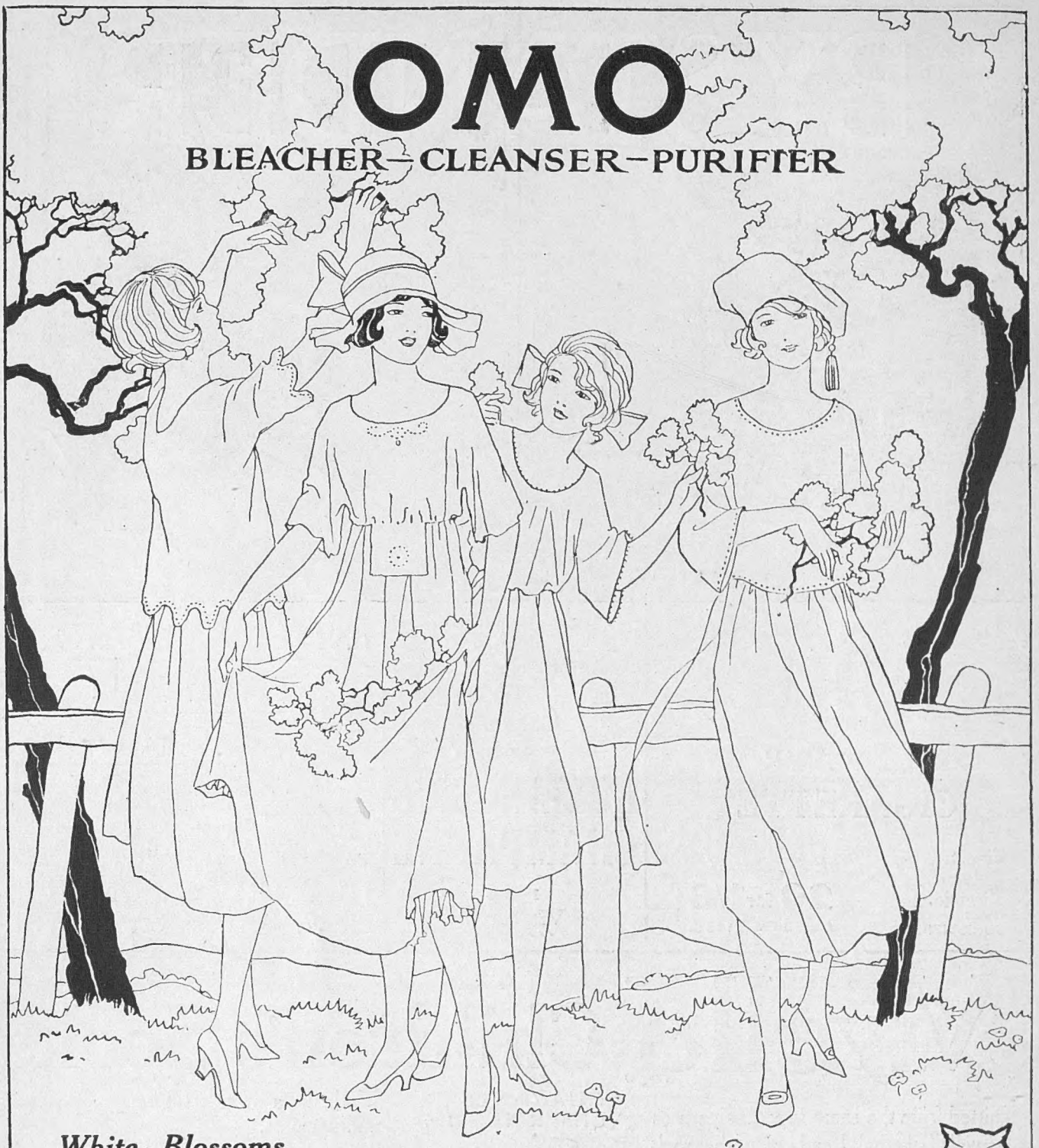

White Blossoms.

WHEN Nature joyously clothes herself in white blossoms, giving glorious relief to the green fields and blue skies, we are reminded of the service of OMO in helping to ensure a perfect standard of whiteness in the Home.

Table linen, bed linen, white dresses and drapery become beautiful as white blossoms when bleached, cleansed and purified with OMO.

NOT FOR COLOURS, WOOLLENS OR FLANNELS.

Put the white things into cold water with OMO, bring to the boil, let them boil for half-an-hour, rinse and hang to dry.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

OMO is made by HUDSON'S —a name famous in every household.

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SPECIAL BEAUTY OFFER TO "BYSTANDER" READERS

to make the skin and complexion four tones whiter

A MOST fascinating experiment in beauty culture is offered to readers, or Free Particulars will be sent on request.

Firstly, why do women use Powder?

Undoubtedly, it is because the most pleasing result is the lightening of the skin. How much better, however, to make the skin and complexion *naturally* lighter or whiter. For nothing looks worse than a skin from which the powder has vanished in patches. Those portions of the skin from which the powder has treacherously vanished look all the darker by comparison.

The offer here made will demonstrate how to lighten and brighten the skin of every reader who accepts it.

Everything that is required to effect this desirable transformation in the appearance of every woman whose complexion has lost its girlish purity and freshness of colouring will be supplied on the understanding that the experiment will not cost her a single penny if it fails to bring about the promised improvement.

None of the common face creams so generally used can whiten the skin. On the contrary, the great majority of them actually *darken* the skin owing to the unrefined fats or oils, etc., they contain.

Why Two Different Creams

That is why this offer of "everything" comprises TWO different creams having *TWO totally different actions upon the skin.* Really, the offer is a triple one, consisting of:—

1. **A Pot of the Phyllis Earle CLEANSING CREAM.** This contains a rare element which, far from darkening the skin has a mild and harmless "bleaching" effect. Also it "cleanses" the skin and its pores in a far more effective way than soap and water. Too frequent use of the latter makes the *outer* skin harsh without cleansing the *underlying* tissues.
2. **A Pot of the Phyllis Earle FOUNDATION CREAM.**—This, too, is prepared from a formula none of the rare ingredients of which will darken the complexion. Furthermore, it is an absolutely unrivalled protective balm for the most delicate skin. Again, it is unequalled as a lasting foundation when powder is used. So complete is the protection by this FOUNDATION CREAM that the longest day's motoring in the teeth of the wind (or golfing on the most exposed links) will not redden, roughen or irritate the skin it so effectively protects.
3. **A Copy of the Phyllis Earle MASSAGE CHART,** giving illustrated instructions how to apply the above two Creams so that they have the effect of restoring the tone to relaxed facial muscles.

Thousands of women are actually destroying their facial "Contour of Beauty" by massage movements that exaggerate the laxity of already relaxed muscles and tissues. These massage movements are exactly the same as those which the highly trained Phyllis Earle Practitioners learn during their Graduation Course at the London Institute of Beauty Culture.

It will thus be seen that *this Special Beauty Offer to* BYSTANDER *Readers* comprises both the preparations and the practice of the world's acknowledged leading experts in beauty culture.

On the clear understanding that no reader risks the loss of a single penny, the Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté will send the two bottles of Cream and the Massage Chart post free to any address in the United Kingdom for only ten shillings. This amount will be refunded in full if, after 10 days' use of the Creams according to the instructions and the Massage Chart, the promised improvement of the Skin and Complexion is not realised to *the delighted satisfaction of the user.*

Free Private Consultations and Advice

This special invitation is also made to readers able to call personally at any of the following Phyllis Earle addresses:

LONDON—PHYLLIS EARLE, LTD., 15 North Audley Street, W.1. J. W. SYMONDS, 10-11 Firs Parade, Muswell Hill, N.W. B. CRADDOCK & CO., 62 Woodgrange Rd., Forest Gate, E.7

BIRMINGHAM—W. J. GREATREX, 2 Victoria Place. LEWIS'S, LTD., Bull Street.

BRADFORD—A. FASNACHT, 15 North Parade.

CARDIFF—ROBERT LANE, Duke St.

HULL—SWALLOW & BARRY, 24 George Street.

NORWICH—MADAME PFOB, 2 Royal Arcade.

ST. ANNES-ON-SEA — MAISON CENTRALE, The Square.

WORTHING—MAISON DOROTHEA, The Broadway.

YORK—SWALLOW & BARRY, 26 Stonegate.

GLASGOW—MARY LONDON, 7 Sandyford Place, Sauchiehall Street. R. SHELDON BAMBER, Charing Cross Mansions.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA—MADAME CORRANCE, 74-77 Sackes Buildings, Jobbert Street.

At each of these addresses a fully qualified Phyllis Earle Practitioner is in charge for Free Private Consultations and Advice.

It will be noted that most of these addresses are those of the leading Ladies' Hairdressers' Establishments throughout the country. This is proof in itself of the highest professional appreciation of the training and qualifications of the Phyllis Earle Practitioners in the Arts of Beauty Culture.

If unable to call personally at any of these addresses, send Cheque or P.O. for 10/- for the two pots of Cream and Massage Chart, or 2d. stamp for Free Particulars—and Free Advice, if desired.

THE PHYLLIS EARLE INSTITUT DE BEAUTÉ

(PHYLLIS EARLE, LTD.)

15 NORTH AUDLEY STREET
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

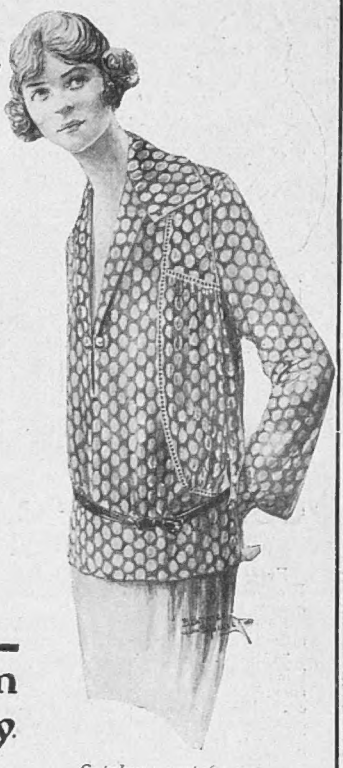
Close to Selfridge's; midway between Bond St. and Marble Arch Tube Stations; motor-buses pass end of North Audley Street.

Telephones - - MAYFAIR 3046 & 3047

ALSO AT PARIS AND NEW YORK

WONDERFUL VALUE IN

FANCY VOILE JUMPERS



This attractive Jumper is made by our own workers, from good quality fancy voile in effective designs, of which sketch is an example, full fronts with becoming shaped collar finished with veinings, and ribbon at waist. In Black/White, White/Rose, White/Heliotrope, White/Saxe, White/Navy, White/Sand, and other fashionable colours.

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Aviemore is on the Main Line of the Highland Railway.

Leave Euston 7.30 p.m., arrive Aviemore 9.10 a.m. next morning without change.

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"Cotella-Rep" SHIRTS

look well—wear well—wash well

From All Leading Men's Wear Stores.

8/6

Collars to match 1/6
Pyjamas - - 15/-

Count on "Cotella-Rep" for faithful service

Every shirt bearing the "Cotella Rep" tab is made from Horrockses' Fast Colour Fabrics, most famous of all weaves for men's shirts of quality and good taste.

Every pattern is *woven*, not printed, and every colour in the wide range is *guaranteed* fast to sun and wash.

"Cotella-Rep" Fabric is strong and durable; "Cotella-Rep" cut and finish worthily contribute to make "Cotella-Rep" shirts the utmost *value* in low price shirts obtainable.

Make your choice from the wide range of colours and thin and broad stripes. Remember that every shirt is sold with this *guarantee* — replaced if colour fades.

"Cotella Rep" Made from HORROCKSES FAST COLORS

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P6

Grant's

"STAND FAST" SCOTCH

ALSO GRANT'S "LIQUEUR" AND GRANT'S "BEST PROCURABLE"

WM. GRANT & SONS Ltd., *Distillers.* Contractors to H.M. Government.
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PLAYER'S GOLD LEAF NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

In Tins of 50—**2s. 11d.**
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In Card Boxes of 50—**2s. 5d.**
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Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited.

P.842

INEXPENSIVE CRETONNE TEA FROCKS

WE have a large and interesting stock of Inexpensive Cretonne Breakfast and Tea Frocks designed by our own Artist to meet the present demand for simple and useful Frocks for Country, Seaside and House-boat wear at moderate prices.

Catalogue Post Free.

"PEGGY"

House-boat or Country **BREAKFAST FROCK** in soft oriental Cretonne, new long bodice and pleated skirt which is finished with sets of small tucks and buttons, slips over the head without any fastenings. In a good range of colourings.

SPECIAL PRICE

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CRETONNES from 1/0¾ to 12/11 per yd. SHADOW TISSUES, PRINTED LINENS AND TAFFETAS, from 2/10½ to 18/11 per yd. CASEMENT CLOTHS, in various colourings and qualities, from 10½d. to 8/3 per yd. PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS, REVERSIBLE AND BIJOU CRETONNES, from 2/2½ per yd. HAND LOOM COTTON in beautiful shot colourings, 4/6 per yd., 32 ins. wide. Specially adaptable for needlework. REPS, SATIN CLOTHS, BROCADES, DAMASKS AND TAPESTRIES from 3/11 to 29/11 per yd.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

"Sunpruf" UNFADABLE FABRICS RESIST TROPICAL SUN, SEA AIR and WASHING

The most comprehensive range of all known reliable unfadable colours.

CASEMENT CLOTHS, from 1/4½ per yd.

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All Fabrics prefixed with the word "Sun" are guaranteed unfadable. Any length failing to meet this guarantee will be replaced.

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Comfortable Wing Chair, covered in Plain Cotton, £4 17 9
Or with Loose Cover, as illustration, £7 10 0

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Perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful, especially designed for present wear.

KNITTED JUMPER (as sketch) made exclusively for Debenham & Freebody in a mixture of silk and alpaca wool in new fancy stitch, a very becoming style with round neck and cord to draw up at waist. In beautiful colours for present wear,

PRICE **63/-**

The same style in real silk, **73/6**

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LADIES' RELIABLE HOSE AT POPULAR PRICES

Super quality Balbriggan lisle hose with embroidered silk clox as sketch, reinforced feet, both soft and very durable in wear. In putty, coating, tan, brown, nigger, champagne, silver, pearl-grey, black and white.

6/11 *per pair.*

Holeproof silk hose, lisle feet and tops. In putty, nigger, pearl-grey, black or white.

8/11 *per pair.*

Two months' guarantee coupon given with every purchase of three pairs.

Fine French dropstitch lisle hose, reinforced feet, most effective and perfect fitting. In putty, silver, beaver, nigger, tan, toney, black and white.

8/11 *per pair.*

Best quality pure silk hose, embroidered lace clox, double feet. French make, in black, white, and all colours, both for day or evening wear.

18/11 *per pair.*

Black mercerised lisle hose, embroidered silk clox, spliced feet, most durable and of very silky appearance.

3/11 *per pair.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 1.

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In all sizes, colours and textures. Ready for Immediate Wear or to Order.

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Pronounced by the leading Golfers to be the best Golf Coat yet invented, the expanding pleats giving the wearer perfect freedom in any position.

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Cosy Undergarments made of the "Cobwebbed" Knitted Gauze Lace Wool

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Most delightful for Early Summer Wear is this knitted wool vest of finest cobweb gauziness, excellent for its washing and wearing qualities. In opera shape with ribbon shoulder straps, in White, Pink, Lemon, Sky, Blue, and Black.

15/9 each

Knickers to match in extremely pretty shape, threaded ribbon at sides and finished with bow (as sketch)

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Artificial silk and lisle Stockings, large variety of shades. 5/6 per pair.

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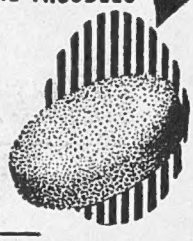

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Two Steeples, Ltd. Wigston.

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If you suffer from *Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds.* Buy a tin today at your chemists.

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WISE WEDLOCK 6/9 POST FREE

It is a most necessary book for every man and woman of mature age, and should be read very carefully by those about to be married. It answers every question likely to worry man or wife. It will save much misunderstanding and promote very considerable happiness. The price includes a copy of "Health and Efficiency," the only journal in the English language with an advanced programme for Health, Purity and Physical Culture.

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For your tender feet

No seam over tender joint.

Immediate and lasting relief even in the worst cases. In ordinary boots four or five thicknesses of material meet on the front of the foot. This is avoided in our

SEAMLESS FOOTWEAR

(for men and women)

The easiest in the world. Made with or without warm sanitary woollen lining. Perfect ventilation. Lasts made and kept for each customer without charge.

Shoes, 36/9. Boots, 50/-.

A BOX OF SAMPLES sent post free for inspection and selection at home. Send outline of foot drawn standing. Illustrated Catalogue post free.

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LETTERS TO A DEBUTANTE

By "Mildred."

A well-known fashion expert writes on footwear and other fashions. These letters will appear approximately every three or four weeks at the instance of James Southall & Co., Ltd., of Norwich, who have made high-class shoes since 1792. "Mildred" will gladly answer any enquiries as to fashions, etc., if addressed care of Messrs. Southall.

DEAREST MEG,

The bombshell has fallen. Grannie—not mine but Peter's—has taken up her abode with us. "It may be for years, it may be for ever," as the song said, but time will tell. Even the *Daily Mail* doesn't insure you against grandmothers. Peter's has the "I-told-you-so" habit strongly developed, thanks to years of practice on Peter's parents. I didn't take much notice of it until the painful episode of my newest hat. When Grannie was young it was the fashion for women—"ladies" in these days—to embroider their tea cosies with melon seeds. Unfortunately, when they put them away in the sideboard the mice came like thieves in the night and devoured the seeds. Well, nowadays the man-milliner is making up melon seeds and sun-flower seeds into quills and wings as well as into anemones and foliage. My poor hat was (not "is" mark you) of black silk and the flowers were of melon seeds and the mice came and Grannie is still gloating. The hat, like me, is still suffering from the melon-collywobbles. After you with the cat, dear.

Country Walks in Silk Stockings. If there is one thing I detest more than another it is walking about in the country in wool stockings. But I've had to grin and wear them, for I simply can't afford any more silk ones yet awhile. Did you know, though, that a Lightfoot shoe never wears holes in silk stockings? It's strictly against its principles. In fact, it couldn't even if it wanted to, because it has a snug fitting heel that never slips up or down, and is lined with velvet leather lining. Mine are a suede of the Oxford persuasion, in a lovely shade of brown, which is not quite a chestnut, neither is it a tête de negre. I've got a pair of grey ones, too—they go so well with squirrel.

"I detest walking about the country in wool stockings."

The Cut of the Shoe. The Lightfoot shoes are cut on Grecian lines; the Greeks were sticklers for Grace and Freedom. Our clothes are Grecian, too, especially our waists. Of course, waists are not "worn" much, although the corsetières are hinting that it's high time we pulled ourselves together. They let us go to seed, so to speak, during the War, when sugar and butter were scarce, and the strenuous life prevented us from getting fat. But now "other times other figures." There will be no waistline soon, they tell me—our bodies will be just straight tubes and we shall feel like a squash on the Underground.

The Artist at Work. Last week I rushed into Hubert's studio, and there in front of him—I thought he had gone mad—was a row of Lightfoot shoes. Then he explained that as so many of his sitters were wearing frocks to match them he was trying hard to achieve the right tints. I wonder what St. Crispin would have thought. Sometimes I think he is my shadow—you remember Jurgen had a shadow, which he couldn't get rid of unless the lights went out. M'yes! Hubert told me he was struggling manfully with another new colour. It has no name, but Lee White thinks an ordinary painter can find it by mixing vermilion and crimson lake, and then adding a dash of Chinese white. He showed me, too, the new green that is a mixture of grass and jade. It is trickier than Madonna blue or bois de rose. "You women," he said, "*will* have your frocks and shoes painted the fashionable colours, and these are the shades that all Paris is wearing." I left him hard at it.

"Women will have shoes in fashionable colours."

Start-Rite. Grannie spent all this morning dragging me round the boot shops in search of some long-promised shoes for her grandchildren—Peter's nephew and niece. After discovering her long-lost "poise" she is not easily satisfied. I was at my last gasp when she discovered the Start-Rite footwear for children. It really is wonderful, as it is provided with a special arch support stiffener and elongated heel. This combination supports the arch of the foot, holds weak ankles in position and prevents running over. Just think what it saves in shoemakers' bills. These new ideas can be bought in shoes as well as boots. Just drop a line to James Southall & Co., Ltd., of Norwich, and they will tell you where you can get them in Liverpool.

Long or Short Skirts. They talk and they talk and they talk, and it's all about the length of the skirt. The truth of the matter is that the under-skirt will terminate midway between the knee and the ankle, and the over-skirt will "fall over" just where it pleases. So now you know. Therefore, dear friends, no matter where we economise, it must not be in the matter of shoes. That, coupled with the name of Lightfoot, is To-day's Great Thought.

Yours ever,
MILDRED.

Lightfoot

Shoes for Ladies

WEAR does not affect the style and shape of Lightfoot Shoes. Their perfect fit gives perfect comfort. They feel light on the feet because their shape is right. Yet they are extraordinarily durable.

Lightfoot Style No. T. 11. Ladies' Patent Colt Louis Heel Greek Shoe, Sewround, Light and Flexible.
Price **35/-** *per pair.*

There are 31 different styles of Lightfoot Shoes. There is only one quality—the best.

Made in half sizes, to fit every foot and suit every taste and purse, Lightfoot shoes are obtainable in all the most fashionable shades.

Lightfoot Style No. W. 10. Real Velvet Suede Calf Welted Oxford in 5 distinct colours and black.
Coloured—
Price **42/-** *per pair.*
Black **39/-**

A century's experience of fine shoe making is built into every Lightfoot shoe.

Write for Address of nearest Agent.

JAMES SOUTHALL & CO., Ltd., NORWICH.

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John Begg Ltd.

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CHARMING HAT in finest Bangkok, with large brim, daintily trimmed two shades of georgette. In many good colours.

PRICE 6 gns.

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

PRINCESS PETTICOATS IN Pure Silk Milanese

The Petticoat illustrated is made of pure silk Milanese and has been designed expressly for wearing under the long waisted frock; it is finished with a very handsome design in hemstitching and is suitable for all figures. In all the new Season's shades and Black.

Excellent value

36/9

In a simpler design 29/6

The garment illustrated will be found in our Lingerie Salon on the 1st floor.

Best quality Pure Silk Hose embroidered silk clox, double feet, French make, in Black, White, and all colours, both for day or evening wear.

18/11 per pair.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 1.

Durability and Smartness

are assured with Phillips' "PRESIDENT" light rubber soles. The ease and comfort they give to walking benefits the entire body. "Presidents" are *entirely invisible in wear* and make a special appeal to the well-dressed man and woman.

"PRESIDENT" SOLES	Per pair.
Men's	3/-
Ladies'	2/-
Small Children's	1/3
"PRESIDENT" HEELS	
Men's 1/3 and 1/6 pair	
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Phillips RUBBERS

"Last the time of three"

Ideal for Town Wear, Golf, Etc.

Everything for Everybody's Wear

PETER ROBINSON'S

COATS and WRAPS

"CYNTHIA." Charming Coat in Gaberdine, showing pouch effect at back. Trimmed steel studs. Lined throughout silk, in all Black and Navy.

13½ Gns.

"LUCILLE." Handsome Wrap Coat in dull Black Satin, trimmed with Rose Motifs in Gold, Silver and Black Velvet. Lined silk throughout.

10½ Gns.

Departmental BOOKLETS of Everything for LADIES, GENTLEMEN and CHILDREN'S Wear. Sent Free on Application.

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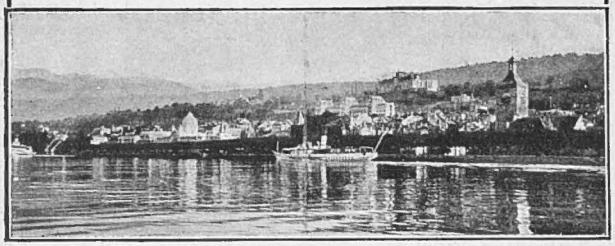

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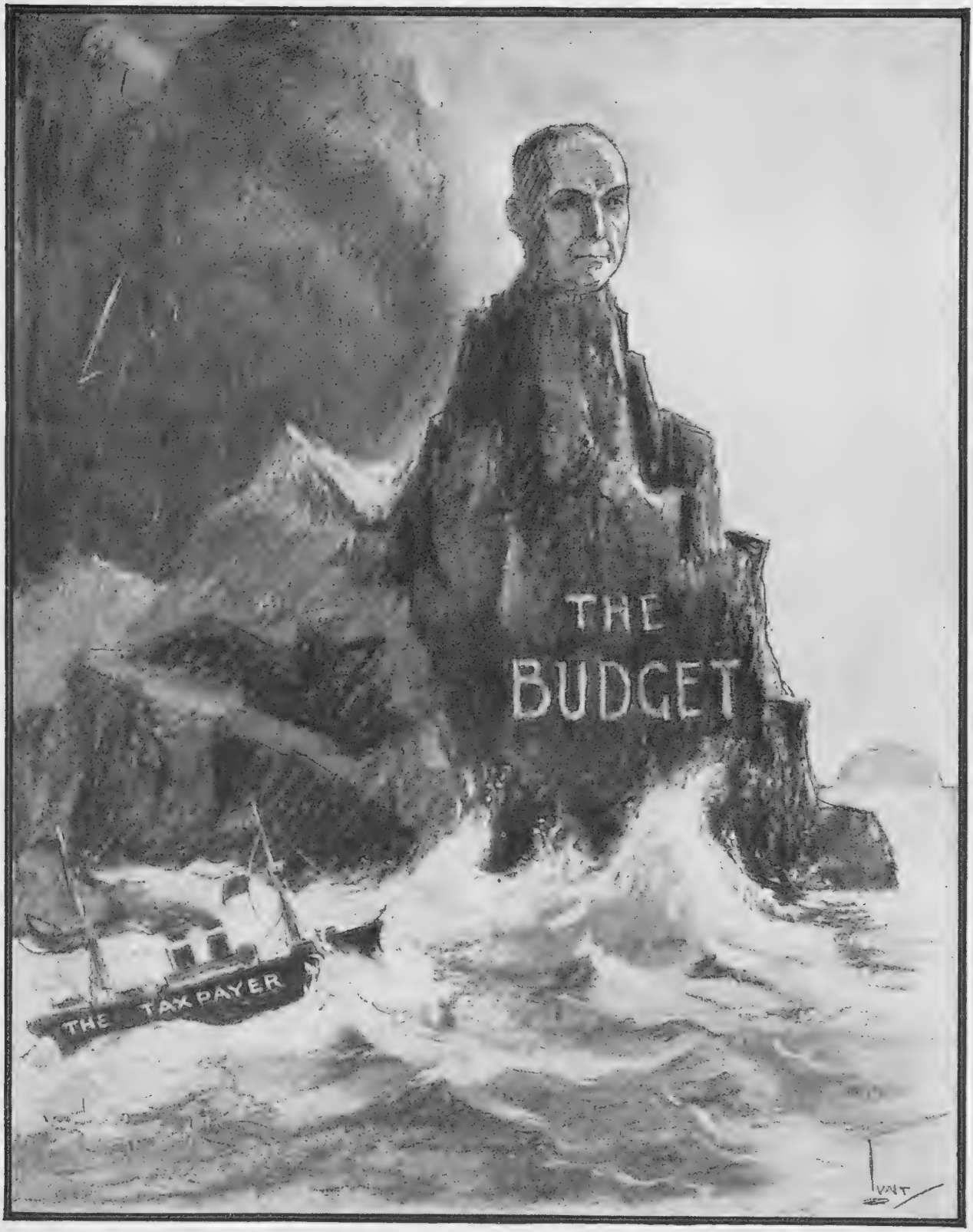
The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

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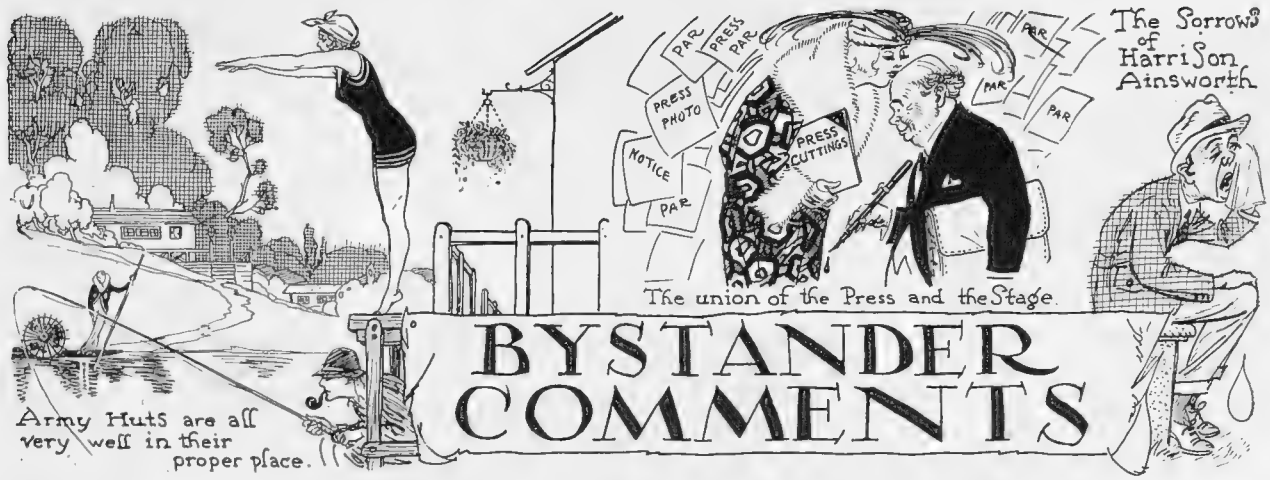


BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Good Bad News

YOU will be delighted to hear that the majority of the Cabinet are in favour of taking a shilling off the income tax. Splendid! You will be sorry to hear that the majority of the Cabinet are doubtful if it will be possible to take a shilling off the income tax. Not so splendid. I am afraid this form of political strategy doesn't appeal very much to the plain man. If you doubt me, tell your tailor that you are in favour of paying his bill, but that you don't think it will be possible to do so. Then sit back and listen to his merry laughter!

A Vintage Year

THERE has never been a time when English authors were so well represented in the West End, and it is to be hoped that the croakers who persist that native drama is dead, are making a note of the fact. Every branch of dramatic art is represented, from music to melodrama and from fantasy to farce. Audiences are more critical than they have been for years, and it has been the happy lot of home-made plays to break the slump of which so much has been heard during the past months. Furthermore, the standard of acting has been raised to a most satisfactory level, and altogether 1922 will be looked upon as a vintage year in the history of British Drama.

Stage and Press

UNDER these happy auspices, the King and Queen will attend the great matinée performance to be held at Drury Lane on May 16 in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund. The Press has been a good friend to the stage, and it is not surprising that the stars of the dramatic firmament are eager to liquidate the debt. Both professions made great calls upon their adherents, and there is between them the fellow feeling that makes us wondrous kind. It is unnecessary to commend the wonderful gala programme to our readers. If the national theatre were ten times the size, its seating capacity would be taxed to its utmost limits on what will be a truly historic occasion. Matheson Lang will speak a prologue specially written by Reginald Arkell.

Omar Up-to-date

THE Glasgow schoolmaster who directed that his ashes should be used to fertilise potatoes was either prompted by prosaic motives or he was surprisingly romantic for a Scotsman. He might, indeed, have sung with old Omar:

I sometimes think there never grows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled.
Don't leave my ashes in a gloomy vault,
Put them on your potato patch instead.

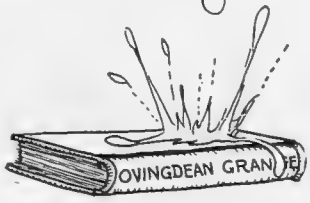
The Fighting Game

THE visit of Dempsey only serves to emphasise the parlous state of the fighting game in this country. Where could we hope to find a champion to match with the American heavyweight? The writer who says that he would not cross the road to see Beckett have a go at him, thinks that Billy Wells might put up a better show for the old country. Strange how Wells, who has been described as being on occasion "hopeless and helpless as a tipsy charwoman tangled up with her mop and pail" retains his hold on our imaginations in spite of all vicissitudes. If he ever takes the ring against Dempsey, you can put me down for a seat, and I don't care what it costs. That's what *I* think of Billy Wells!

Other Papers Please Copy

A DEPUTATION of lady operators has just waited on me to explain that "wireless" and ordinary telephone work demand very different qualifications. Being somewhat mystified by their insistence on this point, I made further enquiries and was shown a statement issued by the United States Radio School to the effect

A Deputation of Lady Wireless Operators.



that candidates with large ears are preferred because they are more adept at tuning the instruments. Dear ladies, I *quite* understand, and, as I promised, I have given the matter the fullest publicity in my power.

Those Army Huts

READERS of *Ovingdean Grange*, if Harrison Ainsworth has readers in this generation, will be sorry to learn that the pleasant little village at the back of Rottingdean is being overrun by a horrid collection of superannuated army huts and jerry-built bungalows. The army hut may be all very well in its proper place—by the sea-shore or on the banks of a river—at Shoreham or at Shepperton—but when you dump it down on the sunny side of the Sussex hills it becomes a really fearsome object. Given a proper town-planning scheme, there is something to be said for a bungalow colony, but when dozens of amateur carpenters start doing their damnedest, the result is too depressing for words. I am not a sentimentalist, but I am not ashamed to admit that I sat on Martha Geere's tombstone and cried to such an extent that the people coming out of church had to open their umbrellas.

By D. L. Ghilchik

GIVING US ALL A "TURN"

"The Bolshie-Bosch Double-Shuffle"

Gerald Biss

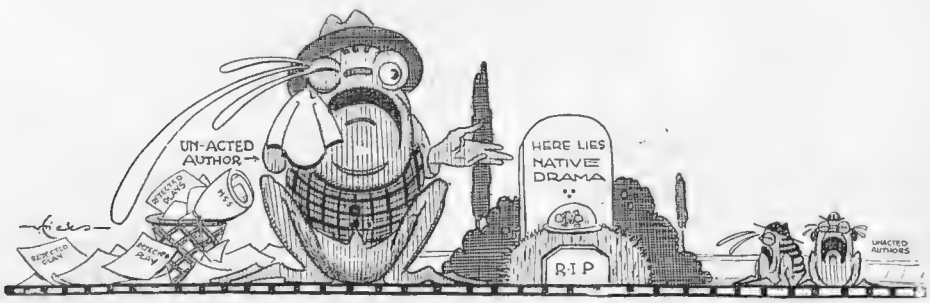
MOTORISTS the world over will miss the genial pen and still more genial personality of Gerald Biss who died suddenly last week. I last saw him on the night of the Boat Race when one or two brother Bohemians were amusing themselves by selecting an imaginary "eight" to row against the victorious Cambridge crew. Much humour was introduced into the discussion by the suggestion that "Gerry" Biss should be cox, the point being that he was one of those cheery souls who laugh and grow fat. I don't know what he weighed, but you wouldn't believe me if I told you, so it doesn't matter.

New Old Drury

THE directors of Drury Lane gave a decided fillip to that pleasant institution, the *répétition générale*, when they invited some of us round to see *Decameron Nights* prior to the first performance. The *répétition générale* has never really flourished in London. Occasionally one is permitted to creep into a dress rehearsal, but that isn't by any means the same thing, and now that our national theatre has given us a lead, I shall expect to receive lots of invitations to similar functions. To judge from the prologue, a good alternative title for the play would have been *The Orphan of the Storm*.

Knighted in the Theatre

WRITING in *The Graphic* on the past and present glories of Drury Lane Theatre, I see that Mr. Hannen Swaffer relates how it happened that F. R. Benson was knighted in the famous house on the occasion of the great performance in celebration of the Shakespeare tercentenary. On the morning of the matinée an equerry went to Mr. Collins and told him that the King intended giving a knighthood to Benson in the next Honours List. Mr. Collins suggested that the honour should be conferred in the national theatre. Such a thing had never been done before, but during the performance the King sent for Benson, and with a real naval sword, which Mr. Arthur Collins had obtained for the purpose, His Majesty, in the Royal retiring-room, knighted the actor in his make-up as Julius Cæsar. The ceremony took place while the performance was going on, but not till the show was over, and they got the evening papers, did the audience know what had taken place.



By Victor Hicks

"The croakers that persist that native drama is dead"

A Custom to be Copied

I NOTE that the exclusive residents in Fifth Avenue are annoyed because tradesmen in that fine street attract New Yorkers by keeping their windows lighted after business hours. This is a New York custom

(Continued on page 218)

BY E. T. REED

JACK DEMPSEY COMES TO LONDON

that has always appealed to me, and I cannot understand why the custom is not copied over here. The police would welcome it as a crime deterrent, and the increase in the lighting bill could be very fairly put down to advertising account. Anything that tends to a brighter London deserves consideration, and I hope Messrs. Harridge and Barkley will make a note of it.

Sleepy Heads

And while we are on this subject I have a bone to pick with my morning paper. After complaining that New York is a roar and Paris is a rattle it goes on to say that "a man can sleep in London." The trouble is that London seems to be run entirely in the interests of these people who think that sleep is the one and only gift of the gods. They see something wicked in gaiety, and, in their jaundiced eyes, happiness itself is a crime. Small wonder that trans-Atlantic steamers empty themselves at Cherbourg instead of carrying their full complement of visitors to Southampton.

Gold Currency

Every now and again, some optimist tells you that we shall soon have the sovereign back again, and that the Treasury note will become extinct. As far as I am concerned, the Treasury note has always been extinct, but that isn't the point. Why should we be expected to stand on a chair and cheer because there is a prospect of the return of gold currency? The sovereign, I am assured by my rich friends, is a slippery little fellow which rolls down drains and can be mistaken for a shilling on a dark night. A Treasury note, on the other hand, sits snugly in a pocket-book and is no trouble whatsoever. Which do *you* prefer?

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Visit to Belgium

The visit which the King and Queen are paying to the Belgian Court in early May is the first occasion an English sovereign has been to Brussels for considerably over sixty years. The first King of the Belgians, Leopold I, was a prince of the house of Saxe-Coburg, and an uncle of both Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. It was he who brought about the marriage, and to the end of his life he was Queen Victoria's most trusted confident and adviser. In those times the relations between the English and the Belgian Courts were of the closest, but they ended abruptly with his successor, the late King Leopold.

That King's treatment of his wife, the endless scandal of his quarrels with his daughters, Princess Stéphanie, the wife of the Archduke Rudolph, and Princess Louise, wife of Prince Philip of Coburg, were too public to be even diplomatically ignored. And when literally he threw his bonnet over the windmill, and publicly *affiché* himself with members of the *demi-monde*—and worse—of Paris and Brussels, all family relations were broken off, and except officially the English Court ignored his existence. In Paris he was openly called in the newspapers and on the boulevards, "Le Roi des Coulisses," because of his passion for frequenting the wings and green-rooms of the lesser theatres and music-halls.

Despite his weakness for the *beau sexe*, Leopold II was one of the most astute financiers in Europe. He not only left a vast private fortune, but he likewise left Belgium one of the richest countries in the world for her size, a fact which was taken into consideration by the Germans in 1914.

From Brussels the King and Queen are to visit the Belgian battlefields, the first view Queen Mary will have had of the battle area. During her visit to France in war-time Her Majesty went no further than the bases.

Photograph

IN THE ROYAL ROW

His Majesty, Viscount Lascelles and Princess Mary the Duke of York, and the Earl of Athlone cantering the Castle. The King is exceptionally fond of his Buckingham Palace will probably be seen in the Park full advantage

Photograph *Compton Collier*

VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE AND HIS FIANCÉE

Miss Helena Adeane, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adeane, of Babraham, Cambridge, and Lord Folkestone, the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Radnor. The marriage, which was fixed for this month, was unfortunately postponed owing to Miss Adeane taking a nasty toss whilst riding

Great Figures of Yesterday

Two great figures in the social world of yesterday have passed away within a few days of each other—the Earl of Gosford and the Dowager Countess of Derby. Lord Gosford was one of the handsomest men of his time, and, what is unusual in a handsome man, he possessed a delightful sense of humour. But then he was Irish. He was a close friend of King Edward and Queen Alexandra—becoming Her Majesty's vice-chamberlain on her accession—and was numbered amongst the intimate coterie at Marlborough House and later

at Buckingham Palace, which included his mother-in-law, Louise, double Duchess of Manchester and Devonshire. Lord Gosford's manner and bearing had that courtesy and kindness for which we have no other adjective now but "old-world." Some of his stories were delightful, especially the one of his Ulster nurse being mistaken by the people of Avignon for Pope Pius IX when he was travelling as a little boy with his parents.

Pius IX had fled to Gaeta, near Naples, when a revolution broke out in Rome. It was believed that he would follow the example of a Pope of centuries before and take refuge at Avignon. When the Gosford family coach drove into Avignon and seated within it the people saw a figure in black with white frills at throat and wrists, they leapt to the conclusion that the Pope had arrived. A great crowd collected, some of the people falling on their knees. The point Lord Gosford used to make in the story was his nurse's fury at being mistaken for a Pope. She was a rigid North of Ireland Protestant!

Letters and Old Age

I DOUBT if we modern children of earth will have such a delightful old age as the Dowager Lady Derby. You ask the reason? Here it is. Because we have lost the habit—or have never acquired it—of writing letters. Born a daughter of an Earl of Clarendon, Lady Derby played a great part during her husband's Governor-Generalship in Canada. He was the brother of the then Earl of Derby, and was created Lord Stanley—the title his grandson bears to-day. It would be difficult to describe her exact influence upon politics and Society, but it was a big and a high influence, and when her husband succeeded his brother in the earldom she became one of the biggest figures in the great world of London and in the North of England.

After so brilliant a life, widowhood and old age can be extremely dull. But Lady Derby's interest in the lives of her children, of her friends, and in affairs, never slackened with increasing years. She kept the threads alive and in constant motion by letters. She could no longer go out into the world, but the world came to her in the post-bag.

I know of a similar instance, an old lady of nearly ninety. She complains, however, that the younger generation, although "They are very kind in

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

PARAGON WINS AGAIN

The City and Suburban winner (Archibald up) being led in after its decisive victory. "Carbine" tipped Paragon for the Duke of York Stakes last year, and those who last week followed his suggestion for Sir Victor Paget's little horse will be congratulating themselves

Central News

AT ROYAL WINDSOR

Viscountess Lascelles, and (on the right) her brother, through Windsor Park during their Easter sojourn at early morning ride, and now the Court has returned to again; indiscreet "mobbing" has prevented him taking of the Row

Photograph *L.N.A.*

WALKING TO THE PADDOCK

The Duke of York, Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, and her husband walking to the paddock before the big race at Epsom last week. The King's horse, Bowood, made a very poor show, and only finished amongst the last three, but His Majesty has some sound stuff in his stable, and should secure several wins this season

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

LADY JOAN CAPELL

The second daughter of the late Earl of Essex and Adele Countess of Essex, whose engagement was announced last week to Mr. Osbert Peake, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Peake, of Bawtry Hall, Yorkshire

writing to me never tell me anything. They only say what they are doing, what they have done, or what they are going to do, and never a word of what anybody else tells them. 'I like *news*."

This wonderful old lady's own letters never have a word about herself. She gives out the news that comes to her. Her opinion of our generation, perhaps, is the right one. "You are all so self-absorbed that you are only interested in what is happening to you. The younger people nowadays don't seem to care a button about what is going on in the world." At any rate, these instances of the Dowager Lady Derby and my old friend show that the wider interests are a valuable investment for old age. But, then, we have all been brought up on the telephone. Perhaps when we are chair-ridden or bed-ridden we shall spend our time with a wireless receiver on our heads.

Justice or Mercy?

I WONDER what you and I would have done if what I am going to tell you had happened to your wife? It happened quite recently.

One evening the telephone in a big country-house rang, just as the lady of the house was going to bed. She answered it. Here is the dialogue:

"Captain ——— (a name she did not know) speaking. Is Lord——— (her husband's name) in?"

"No, he is in Paris."

"This is very serious; I have an important message for him."

"I am joining my husband to-morrow. Can I take him the message?"

"Yes, the message is 'Bradzo'—it is a code message."

"A code message! I don't understand. Why a code message?"

"But Lord ——— will understand. It is most important."

"Where are you telephoning from?"

"The ——— (a well-known London hotel). It really would be better if you could wire to Lord ——— the first thing in the morning; just 'Bradzo'—that will be sufficient. How are you going to Paris—by train or aeroplane?"

The lady was puzzled by the mystery. Her answer was:

"Have you known my husband long?

"Oh, yes, we were together in France during the War."

Then the lady dabbed on the receiver. Her husband had served in the War, but he had never been in France.

She rang up the London hotel. Nobody of the name given on the telephone was staying there, and, further, there had been no trunk call from the hotel to her house—at least 100 miles off—that evening. Her worst suspicions were confirmed,

Photograph *Compton Collier*

THE HON. MRS. ALAN LASCELLES AND HER SON

Captain Alan Lascelles, who is Assistant Private Secretary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is a cousin of Lord Lascelles and a nephew of the Earl of Harewood. The Hon. Mrs. Lascelles is the daughter of Viscount Chelmsford, late Viceroy of India

and she telephoned to the local superintendent of police. She was obliged to go to Paris the next day, and as the police shared her suspicion that the telephone message was a ruse on the part of thieves to find out if the family were at home or not, constables were told off to guard the house every night.

We all throw stones—and swear-words—at the telephone people, but the Peel case showed how carefully every trunk-call is recorded. All trunk calls to this house come through a town some little distance away. Enquiry showed that no trunk call

Photograph *Central News*

THE LAIRD OF ADEN AND HIS BRIDE

Mr. Sydney Cumine Russell, a laird of Aden, Aberdeenshire, and Miss Meriel Fetherstonhaugh after their marriage at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. The bridegroom's mother, who entertains a great deal, was a lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Albany

from London had come to the house on the particular evening, but that a local call had come from a telephone office near a camp a few miles from the town itself. I won't bother you with the further details. It is enough to say that the sender of the "Bradzo" code message was a young officer in the camp, an absolute stranger to Lord ———.

And what do you think is the explanation? A joke—at any rate that is what the culprit called it. To while away the tedium of dull evenings in the mess these bright young people invented a game. Shutting his eyes a man would put his finger down on an open page of the *Telephone Directory*, the rule being that he must telephone the "Bradzo" message to the number on which his finger was placed when he opened his eyes. The bewildered replies from the victims constituted the humour of the entertainment.

When the young man who had caused Lady ——— so much distress and trouble was run to earth he metaphorically fell upon his knees to Lord ——— begging him not to bring the matter before his commanding officer, as if it were known he would be cashiered. Lord ———, in the kindness of his heart, did not report the matter, but, as I said at the beginning, I wonder what you and I would have done?

A Sidelight on the Russo-German Treaty

THE Russo-German Treaty, which came as a bombshell at the Genoa Conference, caused no surprise in Scandinavia, especially in Sweden and Denmark. Stockholm and Copenhagen have been crowded with Russian refugees and Bolshevik agents ever since the revolution, with the result that the Swedish and Danish authorities had an intimate knowledge of what was happening in Russia.

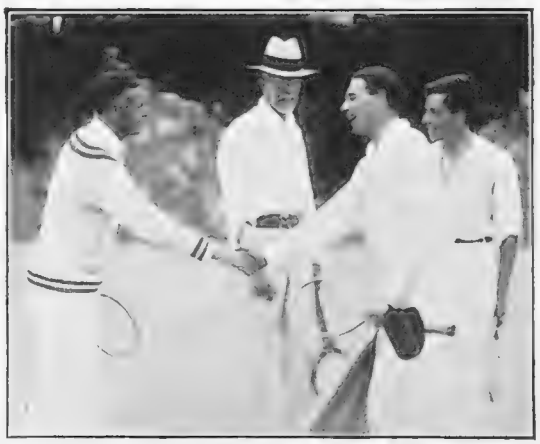
Months ago it was felt in Scandinavia that unless we made some advances to Russia we should literally drive her into the arms of Germany. The matter was too delicate for direct diplomatic representation, but the situation was definitely placed before our Government during the visits of a Swedish and a Danish Prince to this country—ostensibly family visits.

Whether Mr. Lloyd George's change of attitude towards Russia dated from the first of these visits nobody, of course, can say, but the change, which roused so much wrath and indignation, certainly did come about at that time. Unfortunately, the Scandinavian fears have been realised.

Photograph *Miss Boulter*

MR. HERBERT SULLIVAN

On board his yacht, "Amaryllis," at Cannes, where he spent some time whilst voyaging in the Mediterranean



AFTER TWO HARD SETS

From left to right will be seen: A. C. Hunter, the King of Sweden, J. Borotra and A. J. Gerbault, after playing in the third round of the Men's Open Doubles at the Hotel Metropole Tournament at Cannes. The King of Sweden, though 64 years of age, played brilliantly, and with his partner ran Borotra and Gerbault, two of France's best players, to 7-5 and 6-3. The latter won the final.

The Riviera Week by Week

By Dunce-Scotus

M. COUÉ is a nuisance. Every golf and tennis secretary at times has his reputation as a handicapper jeopardised by the unduly modest player's estimate of his limitations, who, like Mr. Hiram Ramp at Nice this season, not only ramped, but high ramped in, with seven up on bogey. Now we have the other extreme of the Coué faddist who ignores his ineradicable faults with "*Ca passe*," and pretends he is scratch, and never even halves a hole.

MR. PETER GANNON has played the best golf on the Riviera this season, lowering the Monte Carlo record from 76 to 72, and winning the Cannes Gold medal and his inter-club matches against the strongest visitors such as Mr. Stonor Crowther, etc. Last week he has been playing four ball matches against, among others, Mr. Wethered, at Cannes. One interesting four baller he played with the Grand Duc Cyril against Mr Wethered and Mr Ludwig Neumann—the handicap men receiving a half. He and his partner won by 5 and 4 to play. Mr. Wethered has been playing tennis, however, which swears at golf badly. He made a collossal drive at the eighth hole (432 yards) against the wind, leaving himself with only a light iron shot to the green and carrying the trees at a very long angle. At the seventh also Mr. Wethered got into a bunker (from his drive) intended to catch the second shot. Some one said "Hard luck," but the Secretary (sorely tried by the drought this year) said "Rot! The only place I can guarantee a good lie is in the bunkers." N.B.—They are beautifully raked here to satisfy the continental golfer. Signor Marconi, Lord Birkenhead on his way to Genoa, Sir Alfred Beit, Major and Lady Zia Wernher, and many others have recently been at the golf club.

Photograph *Miss Boulter*

ON THE CROISETTE AT CANNES

Colonel and Mrs. Percy Bell, with Mrs. Sidney Graham, take a luncheon aperitif in the shape of a morning stroll

LOTS of migratory birds passing now. The Hoopoes are still rare, however, and late. A woodcock flew into a house at Beausoleil the other day just in time for dinner, and was promptly *bombé*. The wild boars have been sadly damaging the greens at Valescure. Unfortunately, they are poor eating just now. Eagles have

THE RIVIERA WEEK BY WEEK (*concluded*)

been fairly common lately, and lots of rare small birds are passing which it is hard to name. American and Canadian migrants, etc., in swarms every week in Monaco Bay. At the Hermitage a gigantic lunch was suddenly ordered for over 700 passengers of the *Empress of France* on its way back to Canada. It arrived hooting about 4 a.m., and annoyed the gamblers from the Sporting Club who had just tumbled into bed and their beauty sleep. It hooted for four hours in the evening again before it could persuade all its excited passengers to quit the fascinations of the Mecca of all Western pilgrims. Poppa seemed to take some rounding up.

EASTER has brought out the usual crowd of overworked peers and Members of Parliament and some jolly schoolboys, who all seem with one accord to swarm over the golf and tennis clubs, though no one has missed the Girls' Olympic games—a very charming contest very well managed. Over seven hundred champions of eight or ten different races in very friendly rivalry—all having the time of their lives. They are taken on the finest excursions, and lunched, and dined, and danced all day in this earthly paradise. Seventy-five French clubs have sent teams. They are making a big effort to oust the British from the first place which they won last year.

THE colours about sunset behind impossibly picturesque hill forts like Eze are more wonderful than ever. What a wonderful film the romance of the lover of the "belle" of Eze (rejected by her worldly parents) would make! How in despair he joined the pirates and betrayed the little hill fortress, and won his love and her parents shekels, and lived happily ever afterwards. He won his spurs in that Arabian night's entertainment—merely decorative we are sure—as the "Talisman" and "Spanish Ballads" convince us the Arabian Knights loved their steeds and shared their tents with them like children. The natives here are not so ideal, though much improvement is due to the efforts of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, here so ably directed by Miss Sim. She collected 1,200 francs at the recent dog show.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE ENGLAND OLYMPIC TEAM AT MONTE CARLO

The twelve Englishwomen who represented England in the Olympic games at Monte Carlo, which were in progress last week. They were again very successful in the majority of events, despite very keen competition on the part of France and other countries

LOTS of new faces in the Sporting Club and restaurants lately at Monte Carlo, most of them old *habitués* of the golf club—Sir Archibald Williamson, Sir Charles Cust, Sir Charles Barrie, Hon. Harry Stoner, Sir Joseph Tichbourne, Lady Menzies, Lady Eglington, M. René Viviani, Captain Slingsby Shafto, Mr. Ralph Delmé Radcliffe, Mr. Charles J. Govern, Mr. F. H. Crawley, M. Louis Gassin, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Reckitt, Brigadier-General Campbell, Duke of Leeds, King of Sweden Sir George Holford, Mr. Edgar Horne, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Mullens and M. Jacques Heugel.

Result of our Title Competition No. 4

?

LIKE its three predecessors, No. 4 of our Title Competitions attracted a large number of entries from all over the country.

After judicious "sifting" the number was reduced to about a dozen and from these the winner was adjudged to be

Mr. T. G. BROWN,

ELMDENE, MAIDENHEAD,

for the title:

"Where Are You Pogoing To, My Pretty Maids?"

A reproduction of Wilmot Lunt's drawing in THE BYSTANDER of April 5, for which we offered a prize of 5 Guineas for the best title.

Rank Carelessness

BY WILMOT LUNT

YOUNG DOCTOR: "Just think, sir, six of my patients recovered last week!"
OLD DOCTOR: "It's your fault, my boy—you spend too much time playing golf"

A JILL WITHOUT A JACK

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

Lord Jesterfield's Letters to his Son.

By H. COLLINSON OWEN

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD

I.

My Dear Boy,

You seem to be lingering over-long in Monte Carlo. I should have thought that by now even the delights of that favoured spot would begin to fade. Remember that a *fin de saison* is always an anti-climax, which you should avoid as you would the Devil. It is better to leave a week too early than stay a day too late. You should treat a pleasure resort exactly as you would a host.

However, I have no doubt you have found more to detain you than is indicated in your letters. The fact that you mention no *affaire de cœur* inclines me to believe that you are deeply engaged in one. If not, then neither youth nor the Hotel you are staying at are what they used to be in my heyday. Do not forget that I have had considerable experience in these matters, and that I shall ever be happy to advise you in any difficulty. You may accept it as an axiom that the course of love, of whatever quality, never runs smoothly. There is always some trouble to be overcome, even if it is only financial.

I am delighted to hear that you finished up so well in the *tir aux pigeons*. It is a form of sport to which I was never violently attached, but as I have so often told you, whatever pursuit you engage in you must make up your mind to excel in it. I would say the same to an urchin playing shove 'apenny. As you may know, pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo is at present under a cloud in this country, and the League of Nations has been asked to take the question up. We are comparatively unruffled by shooting of a rather more serious kind nearer home, but the destruction of pigeons—I quote from one of our leading organs—" is frowned on by all right-thinking Englishmen." But since you are where you are, I much prefer that you should shoot pigeons than be treated as one.

You remark in your last letter that " England seems to be a pretty hot spot to live in these days." It is a just observation, even though its style may be a little open to criticism. But truly I never open my morning paper without apprehension. We live in a whirl of tragedies, cocaine scandals, and political and social crises. Life in London is a rollicking melodrama. At any moment one may find one's best friend in the police court, or the subject of a moving oration from the coroner. We have all the *frissons* of life in Los Angeles with none of the advantages of its climate.

The daily Press, I fear, is only too faithful a mirror of our own times. Would that it were merely one of those distorting mirrors, such as you saw at the waxworks when you were a small boy. There is a certain comfort in those things. After seeing oneself through the unfriendly glass as a grinning ogre of monstrous fatness, it is pleasant to realise that one is normal after all, and that one's nose does not excite compassion or ridicule in the street.

But I am afraid that the newspapers do not contain any such comfort. There, apparently, we are mirrored as we really are. Half Society seems to be living in the half-world, and the cupboards of Mayfair yield up most terrifying skeletons. As old Lord Conoodle observed to me the other day, " Life, my dear Jesterfield, has become a damned Grand Guignol."

I know how much real feeling there was in his simple words. One of his sons, young Bertie Conoodle—was he not at Eton with you ?—was some little time ago convicted of blackmail in very unedifying circumstances. He, unfortunately, made the tempting discovery that one of our most popular bishops ran a starting price agency as a sort of hobby—a profitable hobby, by the way—and presumed a little too strongly on the knowledge. Bertie is now lost to view for some time to come. The bishop's popularity, I may say, seems in no way diminished. *Bien au contraire.* His article in a Sunday newspaper, following the trial, on " Sinners and Winners," was, I am told, an immense success.

Then Lord Conoodles only daughter, the Lady Mary Conoodle, was sentenced—happily under an assumed name—for keeping a scandalous night club in Jermyn Street. Naturally, there is considerable sympathy with him in all these trials, but he is fortunate in this sense, that what would once have seemed social calamity is now

"LORD JESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON" (*continued*)

regarded as a passing irritation which is familiar to all the best families. It is, happily, true that every bane brings its own antidote, or, as Lord Conoodle himself put it to me, "Thank God, everybody's doing it." Thus may those in distress derive comfort from the trials of others.

I fear me there is little pleasure in thus dwelling on the careless habits into which Society has fallen. However, I think it well for me to point out the moral of these things, which is that there is nothing so absurd or disastrous in this life as to make a *gaffe*. A gentleman may appear in the bankruptcy court with every dignity, but a gentleman in the dock is ridiculous. If, for instance, the fantastic idea should come into your head of robbing the Casino, you would be wise to convince yourself beforehand that your plan was flawless. You should turn it over from every point of view, and then if you had the slightest doubt of its complete success, put the idea ruthlessly on one side, and resign yourself to the Casino robbing you. It would be much cheaper in the end.

There is the further case of young Fitzpupp and his pretty wife. They were staying at one of our best hotels, and, apparently, Mrs. Fitzpupp was so irritated by the more than usual blatancy of a *nouveau riche* that she decided they must relieve this person of her jewels. One must admit there was a certain amount of moral justification in their attitude, but they overlooked the most elementary precautions, and were caught in the corridor. At the trial the plea was advanced that Fitzpupp had acted under his wife's influence. The judge agreed that it was a clear case of coercion, discharged Fitzpupp, and sentenced his erring wife to six months hard labour. While Fitzpupp was generally congratulated, there are some old-fashioned people who think that his conduct in the matter was not quite so nice as it might have been, and I understand that there was a certain coldness shown to him at his club when next he appeared there.

"So irritated by the more than usual blatancy of a nouveau riche"

On the whole, you are well out of it. Do you return to Paris next, or wander further afield? You have youth, leisure and a banking account. The world is your oyster, and for you there need be no such thing as a close season. JESTERFIELD

Photograph CARICATURING ROTARIAN SIR HARRY LAUDER *G. P. U.*

Sir Harry Lauder, a Rotarian himself, was the guest of other Rotarians at the Cecil recently, and commencing and finishing a very amusing speech with one of his own inimitable songs, was warmly applauded. From left to right will be seen: Sir John Foster-Fraser, Sir Harry Lauder, the President Mr. R. S. A. Housden, and Sir William Noble. Major, whose caricatures we are publishing each week in a new series, can be seen on the right, at work on Sir Harry Lauder

"Orphans of the Storm"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

PROFESSIONAL WANDERER *(to nervous lady)*: "Don't you worry about me, ma; you ain't deprivin' me!"

La Silhouette Parisienne

Evening

Morning

Noon

BY MARCEL PONCIN

Paradise in Paris—Hats for one thing and then, the new spring frocks, *mais*, such hats, such frocks, *ciel*! One dances so much in the afternoon these days—what would you?—but one must have *something* to dance in, and then so many *premières* and dinner parties, and the races, too; really, it seems that yet another *armoire* will be necessary

A Flash of Pink and a Cry of Shame

BY "ROLAND" *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"The vast question of what to wear for le sport"

MES AMIS—

IT is like this. It is all very well for the over-forties among the English ladies to have the strict ideas about the "undies." It is all *très bien* for them to make the dictations on the perilous topic, when they are at home in England. But is it not that it is rather presumptuous, when they are the guests of another country, to air the most insular opinions about the matter and to accompany them with the catty comments about those who have the different impulses and put them into the practice?

So much will be agreed, *n'est-ce pas?* It is necessary to consolidate the agreement, for on such a controversial subject one must be careful to maintain the just balance. *Alors*, one shall not ask too much, either, when to request you to acquiesce there is nothing more terrible about the pink than about the white? What can be perilous about the pink that is not dreadful about the white? One may, perhaps, be colour-blind, but one has failed to appreciate the subtle distinction—the condemnation of the one and the absolution of the other. The pink is held to be all which is wicked. The white is regarded to be blameless and benign. *Rien de moins.* This issue has desperately to be faced.

LET it not be thought that one does give the undue emphasis to the conflict. The Riviera already is torn in twain. And the dispute is bound to be carried on to the other resorts if something shall not be done to ease the tension. The tournaments of tennis are likely to have the changed interests. Instead of the international contests in the skill, there is the promise of the international squabbles over the *dessous*. And these differences can be filled with the dangers.

"The joueuse has been of the active persuasion"

THIS divergency has begun at one of the Riviera capitals, where the English and the American *hivernants* are in the majority. There has been the great keenness in the tournament of tennis and the eager crowds have been gathered to witness. Well, it has been the game which has absorbed the interest of everyone until there has participated a *jeune fille Française*. She has been a quite good player, and has earned the bravos for this. But very soon there have been the cries of "Shame!" and "Shocking!" They have come from the over-forties of the English and American dames. The *demoiselle* has revealed, when to bound about the court, that she has worn the *pantalons* of rose. And the effect has been to devastate the onlookers. They have considered it appalling.

NOT only have they been *couleur de rose* indeed, but they have also had attached the *flots de rubans*. And these *non plus* have not been of the white, but of the *biscuit*. How very, very wicked! The over-forties have placed their hands before their eyes and have

"A FLASH OF PINK AND A CRY OF SHAME" (*concluded*)

refused to see this diabolical pink. Without the protection it has been impossible to escape the flash of the colour, for the *joueuse* has been of the active persuasion and has leaped about the court like a gazelle. She has been intent to win, and has had no thought for how she might shock the over-forties in the process to do so. But though these distressed *veilles filles* have refused to see the pink, they have seen red. They have raised the standard of the battle. And there is now the query which shall win—the Puritanism of the Anglo-Saxon or the *coquetterie* of the *Française*. The contest is of the stern and bitter. Perhaps it shall affect the whole vast question of what to wear for *le sport*.

THERE is the admission on the *côté Anglo-Saxon* that the *demoiselle* has committed no crime to reveal the *pantalons*. Has been granted the concession that it is impossible to avoid this in the vigorous game, when the most docile frock is bound to become inadequate and unruly. In fact, it is urged that for this precise reason—because it is impossible to conceal the garments which are deemed too intimate for the display—they ought to be of the white and not of the vivid tints. Like this, although they are visible, it may be pretended they are not. And thus shall the proprieties be satisfied.

"They have raised the standard of battle"

Au moins, perhaps this could be so for England and America. But not for France. So long as there is the acknowledgment that the visibility is unavoidable and not in itself reprehensible, it is contended that there is no need for the hypocrisy. Something which is bound to be seen is not made in any way wicked, or even shocking, by the fact to be made pretty, it is held. And there is the much soreness over the remarks of "Shame!" by the visitors. There is recalled the old *dicton* that when one is in Rome one does as the Romans do. While the candid *demoiselle* does not expect *les Anglo-Saxonnes* to accept that to the full and to venture themselves into the pink and *biscuit* which has provoked the outburst, she asserts that they should confine their prejudices to their own countries. She affirms that she must be allowed to please herself so long as she is upon her own territory

AND *du côté Français* it is pointed out that the much more terrible things happen in England, to which the over-forties ought to give the first attention. *A l'heure du bain*, it is insisted, the *jeunes filles Anglaises* have the habit to sit about on the seashore in the much more shocking attire than that of the *demoiselle de la rose*. And they do this in the company of the *jeunes hommes*, who are equally lightly clad. Which is deemed to be of much more dreadful than to play the tennis in the dainty pinks and *biscuit*.

"To sit about on the seashore"

BESIDES, there is opposition to the theory that in the sport a woman must dress severely like a man. There is the belief that *le sport* should be an apotheosis of the grace as much as the force. That it should be a new form of the *beauté d'Eve*. For this reason it is contended that the introduction of the rose-pink and the ribbons to the courts of tennis is fitting. And that it certainly does not merit the reproach to be shameful or shocking. ROLAND

APRIL GOLF & TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA

FROM RINKS TO LINKS
The Hon. Mrs S. R. Beresford, probably the best lady skater of the day, on the golf links at Mont Agel

LAWN TENNIS AT CANNES
The Annual International Lawn Tennis Tournament attracted many competitors to the courts of the Hotel Metropole. Among them were Sir Arthur Balfour, who recently was honoured with an Earldom, and Lady Crosfield

MR. AND MRS. MOSSELMANS
On the Monte Carlo course, where the First Secretary to the Dutch Embassy in Rome and his wife are frequent visitors

MISS McGRATH AND LADY WAVERTREE (right)
Also competed in the Annual International Tournament at Cannes

SIR ARTHUR AND LADY CROSFIELD
Leaving the tournament at the Hotel Metropole, where Sir Arthur had been watching Lady Crosfield compete

Photographs] AT THE MONTE CARLO GOLF CLUB [*Central News and Horn*

Tennis, golf, gambling, the Riviera season goes on into the unabated sunshine of April, and helps to balance the hôteliers' loss of the early months, when the Côte d'Azur was as a desert. Here is Major Hagon with Lady Robson and Mrs. Williams at the headquarters of Monte Carlo golf

Rule

"*Nor shall anything be touched or mo*

It is not safe to sit about on a golf course, especially

25

ed before the player strikes the ball"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

when you've forgotten there is a championship on

A Little Honesty and Lots of Ivy

Photograph *Stage Photo. Co*

MISS IVY TRESMAND

The appearance of Baron Sprotti-Sprotti in "The Lady of the Rose," at Daly's, with his company of beautiful ballet and Miss Ivy Tresmand at their head, makes a welcome diversion; for quite a long time the play threatens to be deprived of those indispensable ladies of the chorus without whom no musical play can hope for prosperity

"ROUND IN 50"

By "JINGLE."

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS revue is all about a party of jolly people who have undertaken to travel round the world in fifty days, thus beating the record set up by Jules Verne by several lengths. The title has also, I believe, a significance of its own for golfing enthusiasts. I am not myself a devotee of the Royal and Ancient Game, but I should not propose to try and set up an invidious class-distinction on this basis. We have thus in the title a very happy and entirely respectable double-meaning which adds to its quality. The central figure of the rare and refreshing fun is Mr. George Robey, who is everything by turns and nothing long. At one moment Mr. Robey made us laugh a good deal at his futile attempt to imitate the acrobatic dance of a much younger man; and then he gave us a big surprise by suddenly turning a perfect "catherine-wheel." For a man who, I understand, has passed the half-century, the feat struck me as a little remarkable. I grow no younger myself, and I gave up "catherine-wheels" long ago. It is a strange thing to me, by the way, that I should be so continually dragging in here a reference to myself. The Hippodrome revue has nothing to do with me at all. I think we had better start a fresh paragraph, and see if I can manage to keep out of it.

ONE of the features of the revue is the prominence given to what Prohibitionists in America call the Demon Rum. The party have got no further than Boulogne when Harold (Mr. Robey) is observed to be in a nicely matured state of intoxication, which made us all laugh heartily, as much to spite Pussyfoot, as anything, I suppose. Harold soon becomes sober enough,

however, to impersonate the local Mayor, in order to secure the release of some of the party from custody, and he manages also to carry on a lively little flirtation with Miss Renée Reel, who is pretending that she is French in spite of a purposely assumed Stratford-atte-Bow accent. The scene is the lightest nonsense possible, of course; and it is well punctuated with shouts of laughter. Mr. Robey brings on the stage with him a parrot in a cage, which enables him to make a rather elaborate joke. He hands the caged parrot to one of the customs officials, and resumes his flirtation with a remark to the effect that the customs man can now devote all his attention to his own bird. The joke here lies in the fact that (as I am credibly informed) "bird" is a slang word for a nice girl. I do not know why it is so; and, of course, I will not press the point if my curiosity should prove to be indiscreet. But there is nothing like being able to expand your joke, as is done here, with the aid of mechanical apparatus. Many years ago Mr. Fred Leslie had a property chicken made like a rubber ball, so that, when he bounced it on the ground, he could refer to it as a spring chicken. But I digress. Let us get on with it.

FROM Boulogne we go with our party to Brindisi, where the liquor question is again to the fore.

Early in the scene some Anarchist fellow or another throws a bomb with malice aforethought, and Harold, while trembling from head to foot, raises a rich laugh by repeating quickly many times in the Coué vein, "I am not frightened. I am not frightened!" Then we get a procession of beautiful ladies dressed in costumes designed to represent the favourite liqueurs of the world, some of which were quite new to me. But, then, I never was what you would call a really hard drinker (Here I go, dragging myself in again!) Miss Liliane Gilbert, as My Lady Liqueur, sings and dances with the picturesque energy that one naturally associates with concoctions of the kind, and the whole scene makes a very gorgeous picture indeed.

FROM Brindisi we go to Hong Kong, which is a rather big jump, but in these days all things seem to be possible, what with motor-cars and aeroplanes and things. I am sure that my father, who regarded the horse as the last word in road tractors—half a minute! Hanged if I'm not trying to drag my poor old father into it now! Harold is particularly funny in Hong Kong, and his little adventure with the umbrella that he thinks he bought and knows he hasn't got, is a perfect scream. Part of the scenery is a sort of café, with the alluring (or shocking, as you please) sign: "Plentee Muchee Booze." Here Harold, having the chance to come to grips with a bottle of the old, pre-War stuff, loads up to the Plimsoll mark, and then falls an easy prey to thieves with designs on his wallet. It is in this scene that Wallace Lupino, Barry Lupino, and Renée Reel give quite a remarkable little outbreak of joyous song and dance, ending with an abrupt disappearance through a stage trap door. The turn was freely encored by the whole house, and as for myself—(Caught you just in time, my lad!)

THEN we get to a cabaret in San Francisco, where gaming is going on, with jazz music and frenzied dancing to fill up the time. Here, Harold, bent on having a "flutter" at the tables loses all his money, and is reduced to pawning his coat in order to be able to back his fancy again. So bad is his luck, however, that after his coat has gone, his waistcoat has to follow, and then—but you will

all be going to see the show for yourselves, and in any case you know as well as I do what garments a man wears that are likely to have a pawnable value. In due course the cabaret is raided by the police, but by an adroit and rapid change, it is quickly transformed into a lecture hall, with Harold as a chin-whiskered tub-thumper congratulating his dear brothers and sisters on having found the light. In this scene, Mr. Robey is quite at the top of his form.

THE next scene is a prison cell, a spot that is not far enough away from anywhere to worry about the distance. Harold, in the striped garb of the convict, gives a wonderful little song about Sing-Sing, the justly celebrated American jail, where he is supposed for the moment to be expiating his sins. This is followed by an uproariously droll scene in which the well-meaning Governor of the prison provides a variety entertainment for the amusement of his charges.

THE comments of the prisoners on the items on the programme provoke the noisiest guffaws from the house; while the performers on the stage, who are not supposed to be intentionally funny, keep the gaiety going wildly. The quartette of bell-ringers is particularly good, and the conjuror, with the usual cabinet, not only mystifies us nicely, but is able at the same time to carry the plot forward an inch or two, which, under the very complicated circumstances, is no mean achievement. The whole scene is rich in fun of the best kind, though it appeared to me to appeal more to the men than the ladies. There is a dark saying that the sense of humour in the female sex is not very highly developed but—perhaps I had better make my escape while there is yet time, and get on to the next paragraph.

THERE is a wonderful scene of an Orange Grove in California where you see the trees laden with ripe fruit and the lovely girls gathering it in, while harvest festivities prevail generally. What you do not see is the "ring" in the Californian orange market, but a friend of mine who was once caught napping by it, tells me it usually is in the background. From California we go to New York City and thence to England, and so to London, and, finally, to the point from which the gay procession started. Miss Helen Gilliland, fresh from her Gilbert and Sullivan triumphs, is the vocalist of distinction in the production, and her reception is deservedly generous. Miss Renée Reel combines lively singing with a captivating humour, and proves herself to be one of the very bright stars in the piece. Miss Ruth French gives at least two dances that attract alike by their delicacy and charm; and Mr. Alec Kellaway as the hero of the story acts and sings to the satisfaction of all concerned. It was really a very jolly evening. JINGLE

LILIANE GILBERT AND ALEC KELLAWAY

The Rage for Relay Racing

HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?

THE relay race is by no means a modern institution, but its popularity with athletes has increased enormously during the past two or three years. It is based, of course, upon the "team" idea, in accordance with which it is sought to get away from the glorification of the individual runner, by means of a race the winning of which depends upon the joint efforts of a team of runners. Teams can compete against each other in a series of contests as, for instance, is the case in the Oxford *v.* Cambridge sports, but as far as track athletics—as distinct from cross-country running—go, the relay is the only form of contest in which teams compete against each other in one race, on such terms that no individual member can possibly win without the aid of his fellows. Clearly the object of the relay race is a most laudable one. As far as that goes I am all for it.

What of the Onlooker?

WE are told, however, that relay racing is going to enhance the popularity of athletics from the onlookers' point of view. About this I have very grave doubts. I am not at all sure that from the runners' point of view—though, as I say, I regard the fundamental idea as excellent—it provides a satisfactory test of the capabilities of a team; from a spectacular point it has obvious shortcomings. You cannot entirely dissociate the two views. The onlooker may not be able, and probably is not able, to appreciate to the full the niceties of the game, but if the race, as a spectacle, fails to satisfy him you may depend upon it that there is something wrong somewhere.

An Orgy and its Lessons

AT Queen's Club early in April we had a day which was a positive orgy of relay racing. Every event on the card was a relay race of one kind or another, with the big Inter-'Varsity Four-Mile Race between the Universities of Pennsylvania, Oxford, and Cambridge as the *pièce de resistance*. I sat (or, rather, stood) the programme out, and strove conscientiously to work myself up to the pitch of enthusiasm to which, as an old public school and 'Varsity man, I felt that I ought to attain. But it was no good. Even the big event left me, as a spectator, cold, though I rejoiced, as a patriot, over the victory of Cambridge over Pennsylvania. But all the time, during the progress of this race, and the others as well, I was asking myself the question, "Where does the point of this relay business really come in?"

An Insuperable Handicap

IT seems to me that if one side in a relay race is able to gain a pronounced initial advantage that initial advantage is too great to make the subsequent proceedings a real test of the merits of the competing teams. A man who has to run a mile against another man, who is an acknowledged miler, and gives him about 40 yards start into the bargain cannot hope to do himself justice. The stern chase will inevitably tell upon him. Before the race was half over Cambridge had it in their pockets unless Seagrove or Stallard "cracked" utterly—which, being Seagrove and Stallard, they were not in the least likely to do—and the sight of Brown, the Pennsylvania captain, plodding along gamely, but quite hopelessly, 50, and finally 100, yards behind Stallard was merely pathetic. What, unless I am very much mistaken, the public would have liked to see would have been a mile between Brown and Stallard on level terms. Then we should have had something worth watching, like Mountain's defeat of Herr in the first mile.

Salient Drawbacks—

MOST of the other races were replicas of the big one. The initial advantage, so long as it amounted to anything over a few yards, no matter the length of the whole race, gave a safe preponderance to the side gaining it. That, at any rate, was the impression conveyed to the mind of the casual spectator. On the other hand, when the issue was at all close too much seemed to depend upon whether the transference of the baton by one member of a team to the man who took up the running from him was properly carried out. It struck one that there was often a good deal of luck about this, but even if there was not, sleight of hand should not enter too largely into a running contest.

—and Some Others

THEN, again, to what extent is a runner hampered by having to carry a baton? Does it not affect his balance? I have never run with a baton, so I must confess that I don't know; but from what I have seen I think it must. The arms play an important part in the rhythm of the stride, and the weight, even of a baton carried in one hand, can upset that rhythm. I noticed this particularly at the corners at which several runners executed a sort of "skid." One man dropped his baton, impelled, as it seemed to me, by a subconscious effort to save himself from toppling over to the weighted side. Incidentally that, of course, put paid to the account of his team.

The Weight of the Evidence

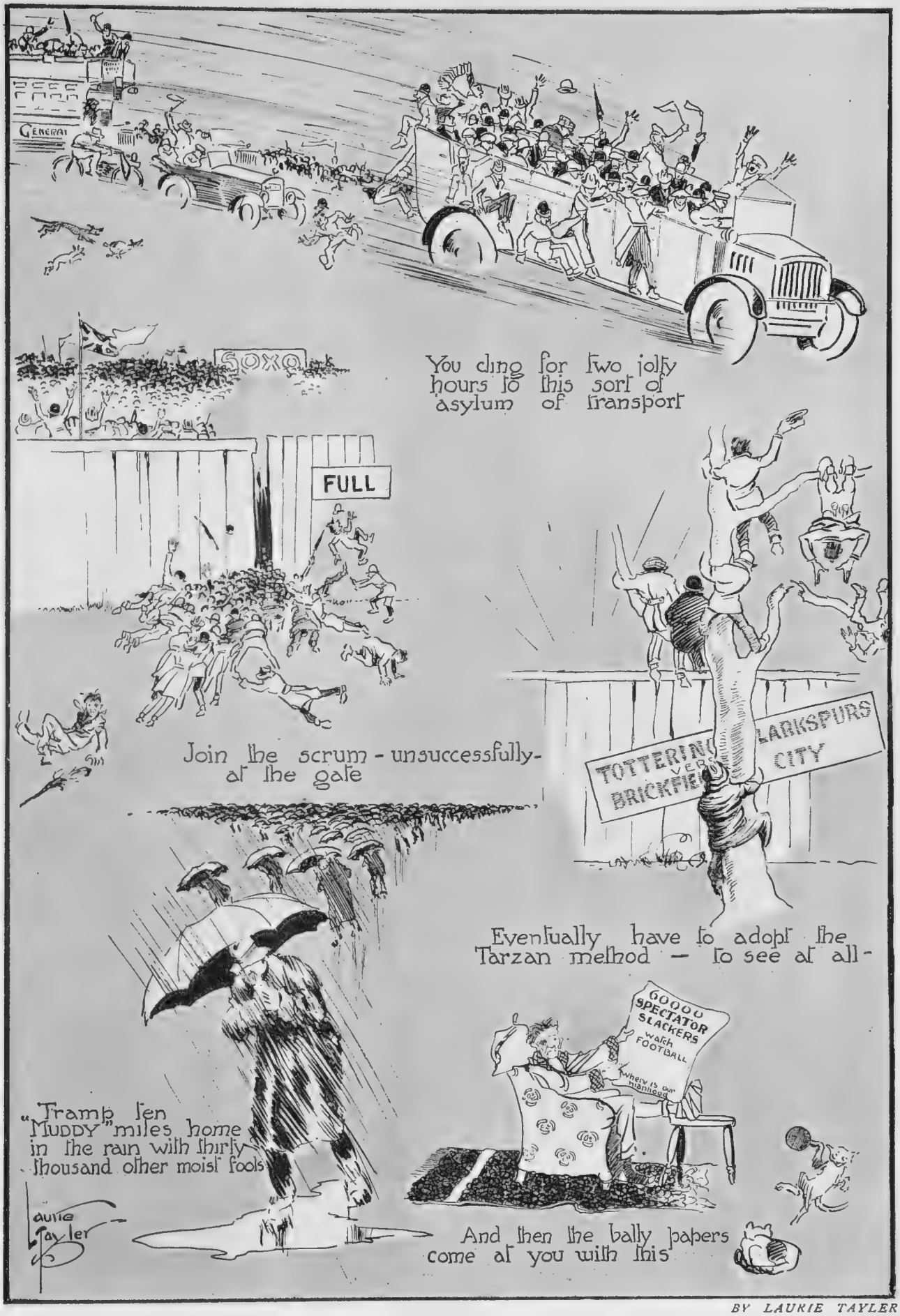
MY conclusion is that the interest in track athletics is not going to be stimulated in this country, or anywhere else, by the elevation of the relay race to a position of importance which it does not merit. If a team competition is desired between two or more sides to prove which side is the strongest collectively over a given distance, a fairer way would undoubtedly be for each team to be placed in an order of merit and raced in that order in separate races. The weight of the evidence against relay racing is too strong to justify the belief that it will ever help materially towards the proper appreciation of the real thing. H. S. S.

AGREED!

By Frank R. Grey

EMPLOYEE: "Er—well, you see, it's like this, sir. I think I ought to earn more money"

EMPLOYER: "So do I. Why don't you?"



BY LAURIE TAYLER

THE STRENUOUS SLACKER'S PROTEST

Femina

WANTED—A MASTER OF CEREMONIES

BY ELIZABETH CRAIG

IT is time the Master of Ceremonies renewed his duties in the ballroom. In the old days no dance was complete without an efficient M.C., who superintended the music, the programmes, the grouping of the square dances, and sometimes helped the chaperons to introduce as well.

Nowadays you scarcely ever see the gentleman, unless it be at an American dance, where he has to guide the maze of Paul Jones. Or at a Scotch "reel," where he supervises the sets.

Perhaps it was the rise of the steady dancing partner that sounded his death-knell. This dancing partner has sounded so many death-knells since he came to stay.

You see, sometimes the up-to-date dancing partner means so little. Again, he means so much. At any rate, he is no longer the elusive figure haloed with possibilities.

A few years ago every ball and dance was an adventure in romance. You went to them thrilled with the "may-be's." You left thrilled with the "has-been's," or, sometimes, heart-sore at the non-realisation of your hopes.

No matter, you had *adventured*.

You had touched hands with Romance.

Now you take your dancing partner with you. Perhaps even pay for his admission. Now you dance with the same man all the time. Or the same girl, as the case may be. What a waste of precious opportunities!

Time was when we trailed into a ballroom on the heels of our chaperon, past expectant groups of would-be partners. Then the trouble of the music, followed by swift introductions, and sometimes ardent pleading for more than the correct couple of dances.

In these glamour-lit dancing days it was considered very bad form to allow a man to steal more than two dances.

The Master of Ceremonies saw to it that the dancing was general.

Now you either take your partner with you or risk the chance of playing the part of wallflower all the time. From being a rainbow flutter, frothed with the champagne of the unexpected, the dance has degenerated into a *promenade à deux*.

For how can you raise a breath of excitement dancing always with the same partner unless love has forged the partnership? And what is the use of aspiring to be the belle of the ball if you do not have the satisfaction of seeing the men tumbling over themselves for the privilege of dancing with you?

The up-to-date partner may be a comforting thought. You know that you can always have one if you care to pay for the luxury. But give me the mad old dances before the War with sitting-out possibilities and their supper extras, to be asked for which was a mark of special attention.

Give me the Masters of Ceremonies again, who, though they had occasionally to break away during a waltz to introduce a solitary man to a solitary maid, were usually the best dancers of all.

Give me the elusive charm of competition for your programme, the twitter and clash of romance. Yesterday the dance was the forcing-house of Cupid.

To-day it is the grave. E. C.

LIVING IT DOWN By Graham Simmons

Miss Smith: "I hear your husband has been winning at the tables?"
Mrs. Warwealth: "Well, yes; but, of course, in our position it doesn't matter!"

"A Boccaccio Beauty"

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

MISS JOYCE BARBOUR

In the regal queenliness of Fionella in "The Door of the Duchess," a Boccaccio trifle introduced into that stupendous revue-spectacle, "Mayfair and Montmartre," at the New Oxford Theatre. From a richly-coloured legend of old Paris to the drab dirtiness of a back street in Marseilles you see a gorgeous panorama of life, and love, and grim tragedy, but very little of Mayfair and nothing of Montmartre, *mais, cela ne fait rien*

THE SACRIFICE

By A. E. Horne

"Mummy, can I have a pack of cards to build with?"
"No, darling; not on Sunday"
"Not even if I build churches?"

HANG IT ALL!

By Stan Terry

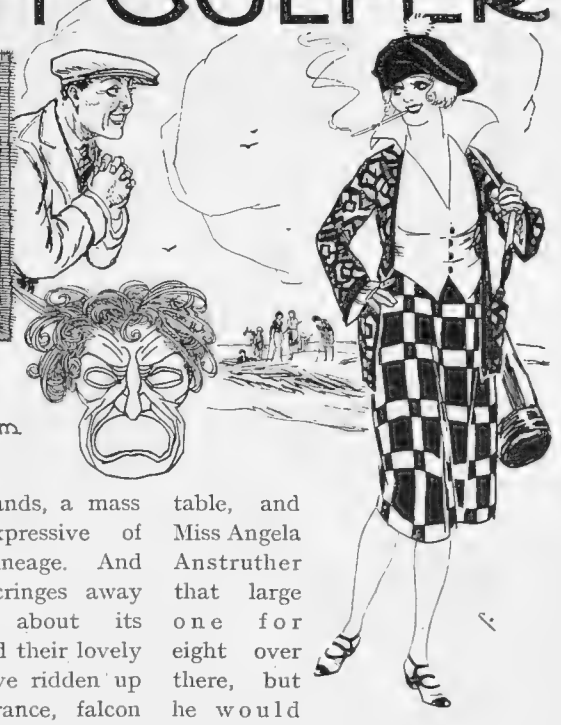
Fair Critic: "Now, just look at that thing, Mr. Dauber. Aren't you surprised at them hanging it?"
Dauber: "Er—well, not exactly; but then I'm prejudiced. It happens to be one of mine!"

The Errant Golfer

No. 4 at Stoke Poges

By Dell Leigh

Illustrations by Oswald Cuningham



I WANT it to be clearly understood, please, that I came to Stoke with rather ribald, derisive feelings in my ignorant mind towards it, and I left with a subdued reverence, a sense of uplift, for all that I had seen that day. I had just completed an extended tour (at someone else's expense) of the most famous Scotch clubs, and I felt that this park golf near London was—well. . . .

I ought to have known better, of course, because Conway, who suggested a Sunday there, is one of those ultra modern men-about-town. The sort of man who has a season ticket for *all* the night clubs—or whatever it is they give you, so that you may pass in and out unmolested.

He said there was one "crab": you had to dash for the club bus at Slough Station, as most of the flies were bespoken overnight by telephone. He disappeared like a flash, long before the train had stopped. I followed, faint, but pursuing, and was doing very well when I was hauled back on the stairs by a ticket-collector with a peremptory:

"Nah then; wots all this 'ere? Wheresyer-ticket?"

I was greeted by furious, peering faces of florid men from the interior of a small bus, into which I crept abashed.

The club-house must surely once have been one of the "Stately Homes of England." It stands, a mass of grey stone, expressive of stolidity, tradition, lineage. And the ancestral park cringes away deferentially from about its precincts. Squires and their lovely dames must once have ridden up to the majestic entrance, falcon on fair finger, bare-headed lackeys jumping to the tossing bridles. Being an emotional Irishman I was at once impressed by the old-world grandeur of the spacious rooms, and bared my head in the hall.

"Hell of a crowd on the tee," Conway had said, brusquely, "may as well have a squint round, and book a table for lunch."

Lunch here appeared to be rather a portentous affair. Large parties seemed to have booked tables. The head-waiter, a terrific personage, kept putting Conway off with refusals. No. Mrs. So-and-So "and party" had booked that table, and Miss Angela Anstruther that large one for eight over there, but he would see what he could do. I noticed something pass between them, and wondered if it was ten bob or a pound. All the names of the Bookees were familiar to me. Most of their faces I had seen, with dumb admiration, across the footlights. I inquired tentatively of Conway that which puzzled me.

"Play *golf*? dear old boy; don't be silly! Why should they?"

Most of the hardy annuals had driven off as we drew near the first tee, and there seemed to be only a couple of men and half a dozen women there. The latter, of course, don't matter, I mused, as I examined balls in my pocket, because we have the preference, naturally. At the sound of a high, clear laugh, like little silver bells tinkling, I glanced up quickly. Surely not? No. Yes. It must be!

"I say, Con., old boy, that girl is remarkably like Sylvia Dormeuse, surely?"

"Course, you idiot, 'tis Sylvia. Mornin', Syl., my dear." A bright nod from a lovely face in response. And Conway rattled off in an undertone the names of the other five Graces. All stars of the stage, at the height of the firmament.

"With little squeals of 'Come here, you wretch!'"

"THE ERRANT GOLFER" (*continued*)

Never in the course of my thirty-seven wasted years had I been so close to such amazing beauty *en masse*. Never. It quite unnerved me. And Conway seemed to know them all. Great man, Conway. For he moved familiarly about among their loveliness, a free man. Whereas I, a mute adorer, hung about enraptured in the background, and, in an effort to see Dolly Dimpleton's profile properly, I fell over the tee-box.

A loud laugh from one of the two men, and the remark, "Do that again, sir, so's father can see," brought me into what they would call "the lime." But my discomfiture was eased by the sudden realisation that I had amused "England's Greatest Comedian." It was the famous Larry Hanley, the mirthmaker, the side-splitter, clad in a beautiful pair of plus fours, and about to hit a ball like

"I fell over the tee-box"

ordinary men. I glanced awe-struck at his opponent. Heavens! Basil Bathurst, the one and only, "the loveliest man on the stage," as my niece positively affirms.

This was, indeed, *some* place. And nothing to pay. They both hit first-rate balls right up the middle, and Larry, handing his club to a caddie, continued his interrupted anecdote, something about a Dresser and a bottle of flat stout . . . I didn't quite follow.

And the Beauty Chorus hitched furs about shapely shoulders and followed, chattering gaily. "Chorus" is wrong. They were all Leading Ladies. Or about to lead. Or having led. It was wonderful. It is such a beautiful setting, too, this first hole at Stoke. A wide sweep of turf stretching on, up stage, to a belt of trees, and some bunkers. And gracefully they walked up it, with that trained walk, and in those dainty little shoes, towards the belt of trees and the exit, on the prompt side, laughing at the flat stout—a perfect setting.

"Come *on*, old man. What are you gaping at?"

Conway had driven long ago.

I jerked my mind back to mundane matters, and took a driver absently.

"'Igh tee or low tee, sir?"

"Oh—er—any old tee. . . ." A perfect exit, that. And such ankles!

"Your mind is not on the race, old chap, that's your t r o u b l e," said Conway at the Third; "you keep on looking up, fatal mistake."

Who wouldn't look up? Hadn't I just seen Désirée Dallier, standing in the stern of a punt, her skirt held on high by a small white hand, while with the other she jabbed with a mashie for her ball, floating on the pond, accompanying the quest with little squeals of amusement and cries of "Come *here*, you wretch!" It was a picture for Marcus Stone.

Fate, at the Fifteenth, took me straight into the arms (or nearly so) of my best beloved, the incomparable Tilly Tildette of the Odéon. I had seen her in the flesh (or nearly so) only last Thursday in the wonderful scene where she dances up the human ladder of men's backs to the bower of roses, high up on the O.P. side, in the gorgeous song, "Tilly And The Top Hole Men." And here she was, in a bunker, clad in a most simple and charming costume of puce velvet. I had joined her there because my ball willed it so. I shall always use Why Nots? in future.

"Don't you mind me," she had said in a sweet, refined voice. "You just go on." She seemed to be digging for something.

"Can I help you at all?" I was thrilled to the bone, mark you.

"Thanks, no, it's *quite* all right. Molly Masters has just passed over here, and, of course, a woman with feet like *that*. But I shall find the blinking ball presently. . . ."

Conway beat me eight up and seven to play.

But I am too impressionable for serious golf. That's my trouble.

I couldn't eat much lunch. Scarcely any, although course followed course, and there was some excellent *pâté de fois gras*, I remember, and a *Pêche Melba* that even Ciro's couldn't do. You see, I was encompassed about by a great crowd of actresses, all of them lovely. Of course, you see them at Claridges and the Carlton, I know, but not in such numbers all at once. I was just going to have a second helping of some delicious *Mousse de Jambon* when I beheld my second best beloved. There she was, the darling, sitting with her back to the light; Conway said she had good reason to, the cynic; and I lost all interest in food. Hadn't I loved her nearly all my life? Didn't her photo light up my study at school? And there she was—lots of her—and still lovely, to me.

I scanned the platform anxiously at Slough going back. Our First Smoker was empty. Would any of them . . .?

"Don't be a mug," said Conway, "nothing but a Rolls or a Daimler for them, my boy."

I suppose that is so. It's a sad world. D. L.

The next of this diverting series will be published in our issue of May 3:
"AT SKEGNESS."

Galloping Sketches by Major

Jack Dempsey: "Now, what can Europe show me that America can't?"

Damon Runyon (the highest-paid sporting writer in the world): "An American bar"

Jack Dempsey, sight-seeing, wonders whether to visit Shakespeare's grave . . . . . or Ciro's Club

Teddy Hayes (Dempsey's trainer): "I don't see any fights going over here, Jack"

Jack Kearns (Dempsey's manager): "What about that little old peace conference at Genoa? But I don't think all the Powers, between them, could put up a purse"

David Wark Griffith (to his brother, "Albert L. Grey"): "You should be pleased. I've made our name of Griffith famous all over the world"

"Albert L. Grey": "Yes, that's why I don't use it"

No. II.—SOME CELEBRATED PILGRIMS FROM AMERICA

The second of a new series by Major of impressions in caricature of London life which will appear each week in "The Bystander"

AN EASTERTIDE CASUALTY—ONE OF MANY

Mr H. Baker's "Kia Ora" capsizes in a heavy puff during one of the series of "A" class races held at Easter time on the Thames in Teddington Reach. The weather was rough throughout the meeting and capsizes were numerous. The winner of this particular race, Mr. A. E. Lee's "Surf," finished the race alone

LADDIE CLIFF COACHING MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN

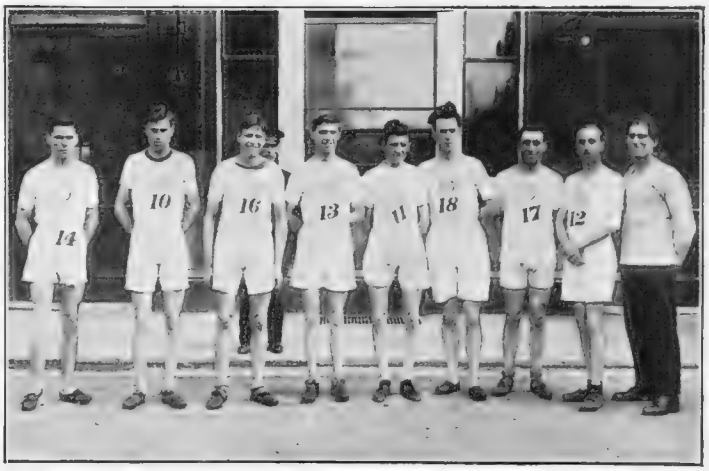
In the art and mystery of golf on the links at Le Touquet, where a number of distinguished theatrical people gathered together recently. Amongst other diversions a match was played between the Stage and the Le Touquet Club

G. W. V. HURST (South Africa)

A very capable lawn tennis player who made his English debut at the Gallery Club's Tournament at Dulwich last week, surviving to the semi-final of the Singles

THE CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS

With their Master, Mr. S. W. Varndell, at the opening meet of the season at Bines Bridge, near Partridge Green. The meet, as will be gathered from our picture, was very well attended and some good sport was enjoyed. On the left is Miss Varndell, the Master's daughter, who is as keen on otter-hunting as her father



THE LONDON TEAM

Winners of the cross-country race between teams representing the Business Houses of London and the Business Houses of the Midlands H. W. Payne (No. 10), of the Great Eastern Railway, who is Southern Cross-Country Champion, was first man home

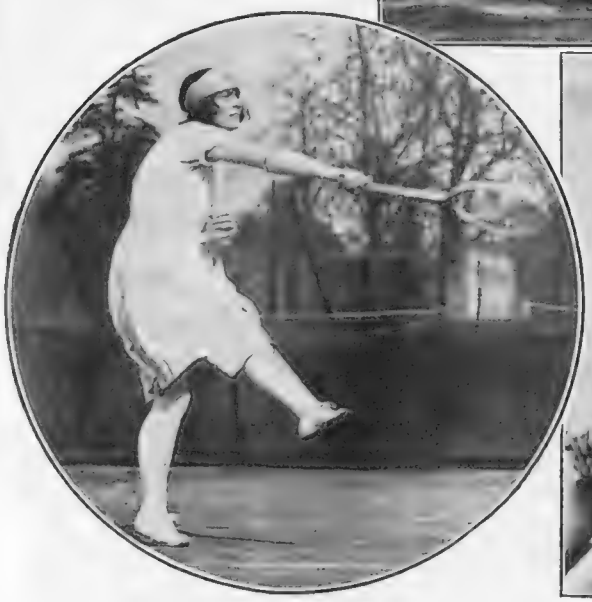
Photographs by Sport and General and L.N.A.

SPORT of the WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

MR. EATON TAYLOR'S "ASTI"

The most successful boat in the "B" class racing at Teddington during Easter. In the race in which she is here seen sailing, she was the only boat to finish. The chief honours in the "A" class were carried off by "My Lady Dainty" owned by Mr. F. G. Mitchell, the new Commodore of the Thames Sailing Club



MISS PEGGY INGRAM

Who, with another young lawn tennis player, Miss E. M. Head, contributed materially to the victory of Middlesex over Notts in the final of the ladies' Inter-county Hard Courts Championship at Hendon

J. PADDON

The Australian professional sculler who recently in a race on the Wanganui River defeated W. Hadfield for the sculling championship of the World

J. OCKENDEN

Who scored a fine win in the professional tournament at Roehampton last week. Amongst other things he achieved nine holes in thirty strokes in the qualifying competition

CAPTAIN J. P. OLIPHANT SHOOTS A GOAL

For the 1st Wiltshire Regt. against the 2nd Royal Welch Fusiliers in the final of the Army Association Football Cup at Aldershot. Of the three goals (to one) by which the Wilts won Captain Oliphant scored two and made the opening for the other. The King, the Queen, and other members of the Royal Family were interested onlookers

Photographs by A. W. Fielder, Alfieri, L.N.A., I.B., and Illustrations

"Civilianisation has begun"

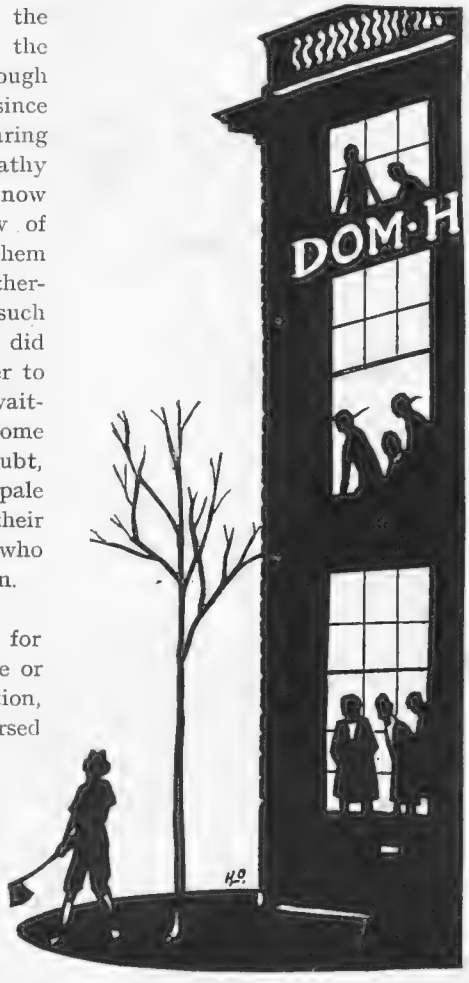
CIVILIANISATION

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION.

THE Bystander in Occupation dedicates his page this week to those victims of the "*mistral*" and that murderous axe to which he recently alluded, who may shortly have to face civilianisation. He himself has known the glories of luxuriant growth in one of those deep thickets where all is peace, save when the pay and allowance cheque droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the job beneath—has himself, though but a slender plant, long since fallen a victim to the unsparing woodman's axe. His sympathy goes out to all those saplings now trembling lest the next blow of that implement may separate them from the fruitful soil of the Fatherland. May it be said of all such victims as it was of him, "He did harm to no man, and was ever to be found at the post of duty, waiting to sign a receipt in full." Some of them there will be, no doubt, who, like himself, haunt as pale ghosts in mufti the scenes of their former glories. These it is who have now to face civilianisation.

IT is not a printer's error for civilisation, which is a more or less blessed state: civilianisation, on the other hand, is an accursed process. It is not to be confounded with the common experience of demobilisation, though it includes that as the greater evil includes the less. But whereas in England you doffed uniform as you drop the bathing-suit which has clad you suitably for a brief adventure, you civilianise in Rhineland as one who dons a bathing-suit to walk down Piccadilly in January.

YOU realise what has happened to you on the first return journey to Cologne without uniform, or even a "camp-follower's" pass from the A.P.M. in your pocket. The train is full at Ostend. In every carriage are Germans who in England have been trying to look like Belgians, and are now endeavouring to portray in Belgium what *Simplicissimus* tells them is an Englishman. The performance chiefly consists of a great parade of a straight pipe, a check travelling cap, the *Daily Graphic*, and English expletives. The remainder of the seats are occupied by Belgians dressed up in what they fondly believe to be Teutonic fashions, studying Franco-German phrase-books preparatory to raiding the shops of Cologne and carrying off articles which are not allowed to be sold to foreigners. Forward are several compartments, clean, well-heated, and empty. Grasping the handle of one of them the label catches your eye—"*Reservé aux militaires.*" With a blush you return to the chilly corridor of the civilian coaches—for the last seat has by now been taken—and settle down to pass a pleasant night seated on half the edge of a suitcase. Civilianisation has begun.



"Sympathy"

SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

AT the frontier, with no blessed "military label" on your trunk, you stumble along a badly-lit platform to await the orders of the German customs official who last month saluted you. Arrived at Cologne, you butt and are butted by fellow goats through the general exit, while khaki-hued sheep pass self-consciously through the military gate.

THEREAFTER civilianisation proceeds apace. You quickly get accustomed to helping out the German Government with the indemnity by paying the wine tax in cafés, from which the troops and Commissions are freed. Being challenged by the porter when force of habit carries you over the threshold of the palatial Officers' Club for a morning tonic keeps you from forgetting how far you have fallen. When you find yourself crossing the road and walking obediently on the right-hand pavement at the word of command from a magnificently mounted and moustached Prussian policeman, with an inner feeling of guilt instead of resentment, you may consider the painful process to be complete

ERIC GORDON

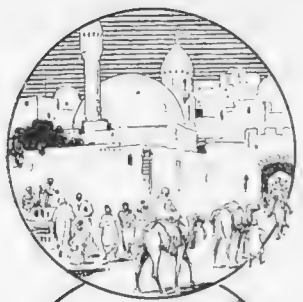
AN "S.O.S." FROM THE SYRIAN DESERT TO BAGHDAD *(date 1921)*

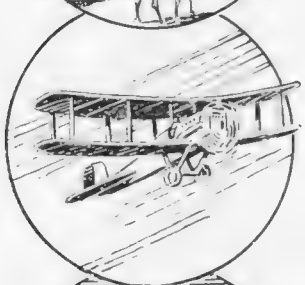
AUTHENTIC PARTICULARS of this interesting S.O.S. are, perhaps, somewhat belated, but they deserve to be recorded as having some public interest.

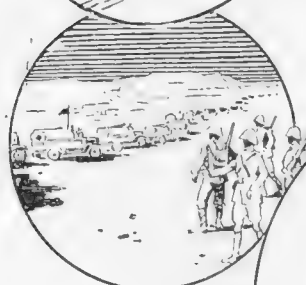
A convoy of cars crossing the Syrian Desert for the purpose of making a track for aeroplanes to fly between Baghdad and Cairo found themselves in urgent need of stimulant.

A wireless message from the convoy to Baghdad gave one more example of the natural humour of the Britisher under conditions when tragedy might have been expected rather than comedy:

"Send out soon some sufficiently strong, suitable, safe, sound, stable, satisfying, serviceable, sustaining, substantial, sublime FIVE STARS WHISKY"







An interesting fact is that the convoy got supplies twice in answer to their S.O.S. and each time, to their supreme delight, the friendly Baghdad aeroplane brought supplies of

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

All the world wants our Whisky, but there is not enough for everybody.

Call for your Whisky by the name that you know, and you will be more than pleased if you act on the "little and good" theory

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Paragon Again

I AM glad that I stuck to Paragon all through the piece for the City and Suburban, and I hope that the good things which I have repeatedly said about the horse in these notes had the effect of inducing some of my readers to get on him at a better price than that at which he was actually returned. This is not the first time that Paragon has done us a good turn. It may be recalled that we were among those who predicted his successes at Kempton Park last season. It is not at all a bad scheme in racing to pick out a really good colt and follow him in all his engagements. Such a system would have worked out exceedingly well in the case of Paragon, and though his starting price in the City was only 5 to 1 a great many of his backers were on at double those odds.

Now for the Jubilee

NOW that the big Epsom handicap has been run, attention will be largely focussed upon the Kempton Jubilee, which is to be run at the end of next week. We must expect Monarch and Granely to be prominent again in this race. There is absolutely nothing to choose between them upon their City and Suburban form, as Monarch has to allow the other a few pounds for the difference between them at Epsom. I believe that Monarch will again do the better of the two, for I am inclined to think that he is rather a gamer horse than Granely.

The Leger Winner

OF course, it may well be that both of these will be vanquished by Polemarch, who, as a winner of the St. Leger, is undoubtedly well handicapped for the Jubilee. Joe Childs has been engaged to ride him, so that another jockey will have to be found for Monarch. One hint to my readers is to keep off Westward Ho for the time being, as I am informed that he may miss the Kempton handicap in favour of some of his important weight-for-age engagements. I shall have an opportunity next week of going more fully into the prospects of the Jubilee, as well as those of the Chester Cup. At present my idea of the latter race is that it will be won by Manton or Willonya.

The Guineas

THE present week is big with the fate of the first of the classic races. The Two Thousand looks to be delightfully open. At the moment of writing I am even doubtful as to which will be favourite for the race. Possibly Captain Cuttle will be chief in request, for he unquestionably made a very great impression by the ease with which he vanquished a big field of opponents at the Craven meeting. It is suggested that the Beckhampton colt will fail to stay the Rowley mile, but I confess I do not agree with the arguments which are used in this direction. So far as Captain Cuttle's pedigree is concerned, there is surely nothing wrong. I remember his sire, Hurry On, had no difficulty in winning over a mile and six furlongs at Newmarket. Fortune has not smiled on Lord Woolavington so far in the classic events of the Turf, but I think he has an excellent chance of winning one this week.

Pondoland

PRESUMABLY the best of the Newmarket competitors for the Two Thousand will be Pondoland. It is true that his owner and trainer would have liked to see him win his trial last week instead of finishing behind Bumble Bee and Sicyon, but I believe that Pondoland was very far from being disgraced in that gallop. It is interesting to call to mind the fact that last year Sicyon usually proved himself the better of the two when they were galloped at home, but when they met on the racecourse in that memorable struggle at Hurst Park it was only on sufferance that Pondoland was beaten by his stable companion. This seems to indicate that Pondoland is one of those colts who run better in public than they do at home, and no sane student of form can leave him out of the reckoning in the Guineas.

HERBERT JONES By "THE TOUT"

Going out for the "Guineas" on His Majesty's Weathervane. That he may be first back to-day is the hope of every sportsman

A Selection

ANOTHER colt whose display will be followed with intense interest is Tamar. He possesses very little chance if we are to take his running in the Craven Stakes as being absolutely correct. For my part, I have looked upon that form with much suspicion, believing that there was an element of fluke about Collaborator's astounding success. I shall make **Captain Cuttle** my selection, and I think Pondoland and Tamar will prove themselves to be the best of the others.

The King's Colt

PERHAPS I am doing an injustice to Weathervane in not putting him up as likely to be placed. I hope, indeed, that he is a better colt than I believe him to be, for it will be immensely popular if he won this great race in the Royal colours. For the One Thousand Guineas I shall not look beyond **Golden Corn**. Her most dangerous rivals will probably be Indulgence and Leighon Tor. At Hurst Park at the end of the week we are likely to see **Leighton** win the Victoria Cup.

"Gee! Boys—'Duggie' Pays £40,000!"

SIR EDWARD: "Look! See what that newsboy's placard says!"

LORD BOB: "By jove! £40,000 in one Double paid! Some sum!"

THE COLONEL: "But there was really no need to say Douglas Stuart. Such a big bet so promptly paid *must* mean *Duggie*. It is only one more case of 'Duggie Dominates.'"

SIR EDWARD: "Well, Colonel, as you speak so well of Duggie — I had better open a credit account with him right away."

THE COLONEL: "Yes, Teddy, and you will never regret it. Remember, 'Duggie never owes.'"

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

Barclay's London Lager

AFTER a morning's golf, when you reach the Club House, hungry for lunch—a nutty heart of celery, new bread warm from the oven, cheese, and a glass of foaming—
Barclay's London Lager

Brewed by BARCLAY, PERKINS & CO., LTD., SOUTHWARK, S.E.

Blanchette on Dallying

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *April* 24

DEAR COUSIN—

SPRING'S lingered rather long this time, hasn't it, after all? Come in gradually and slowly, I mean, instead of all in a rush, as it sometimes does, and strikes us all of a heap like. Can't say I really mind, though—*au contraire*, in fact. Rather love dallying over things, when they're nice, and having them slow and satisfying and long-drawn-out—like long books, and plays with a fourth act, and delightful dawdling meals, and the hours we spend with just the few people who count. Don't you?

卐

AND been quite worth it, they have—the nips and snows and bitter winds that have chequered and checked and put the brake on the eager bursting-forward of these April days. All the more time for us to revel in the fascinating sport of watching Nature stretch herself and open her eyes again, so to speak. And all the longer, too, for the primroses and bluebells to bloom, and the palm-catkins to sun their little silky heads, and the cowslips to dapple the pastures with lovely clumps of gold, while—

. . . The winds of heaven unhindered sweep,
The golden sunsets pave their wondrous way.

卐

NOT such an altogether bad idea, you know, to slow up for a bit just every now and then, and pretend we can do very well without hustle and bustle—even if, at the bottom of our hearts, we know we can't. Not if we mean to keep on keeping on, that is, and take our proper part, share, or lot in everything that's going on—in the life of this little old London, anyway.

卐

WHAT a lot of things do 'pear to be pushing off, f'rinstance, this very week as ever is! Parliament meeting once more, for one, with, I s'pose, plenty of "snarls," as the P.M. put it at Genoa, about things in general and (probably) Genoa and the Hun-Bolshie pact in particular. And the lawyers are back in their Law Courts (with a nice little bundle of 1,600 or so divorce cases alone to keep 'em busy), and the fiddles (not to mention tenors and sopranos and basses and the rest) are tuning up for the opera that starts next Monday—to help drown, p'raps, our cries and moans and shrieks and groans at the very newest things in the way of taxes that'll be broken to us, by way of the Budget, same day.

卐

AND then on Friday, of course, there's the Academy private view—official opening, by all the

"Just possible that they had gloomy deans in *their* day"

"BLANCHETTE ON DALLYING" (*concluded*)

laws of the Medes and Persians, of the big season, as well as mirror (if you choose the right people to watch) of the spring fashions that are to rule us in, anyway, its early days. Which, by the way, 'cording to latest advices from Paris, are to include big hats (with hardly any trimming), lots of embroidery, and little wraps over our frocks, even on the warmest days.

THOUGH, as a matter of fact, I 'spect in the end we shall, most of us, follow the new rule in the way of fashions that has rather come in these days, spite of dressmakers and people, and just wear — within limits — just whatever we think suits us best. And a very good rule, too — though I'm sure poor dear Dean Inge wouldn't think so. Simply fearfully worried, he is, you know, by the way the men and women of to-day "do what is right in their own eyes"—instead of, I s'pose, what seemeth right to our Deans and other pastors and masters.

AND about how our whole ambition is "to give others a good time and have a good time ourselves" — which somehow, though, you know, to a mere lay mind, and a feminine one at that, doesn't seem so altogether utterly frightful and terribly selfish and hopelessly decadent — what? Nor make us feel *quite* so certain, as the aforesaid Gloomy One seems to think, that we're on the verge or brink of "a great outbreak of licentiousness" like in Charles II's time or the Regency, after Waterloo. Just possible, by the way, of course, *they* had gloomy deans in *their* day to write their history for 'em, and weren't quite so pitch-black all round as they were painted, either!

ANYWAY, we do at least seem to have *some* simple and innocent tastes left, judging by some of the plays of the moment that have won the heart of the great British public, stalls as well as gallery and pit. Positively

"The lawyers are back in the Law Courts with a nice little bundle of 1,600 or so divorce cases alone to keep 'em busy"

uproarious applause nightly, f'rinstance, at *Tons of Money*, which is one of *the* simplest and innocentest things, even in the farce line, that I've ever met.

"The nips and snows and bitter winds"

And enthusiasm poured out in chunks, too, for that rather delightful play of village life, *If Four Walls Told*, that they're giving at the Royalty here in London now.

WHICH last has, 'sides all sorts of nice "human" problems like "Should a Man Tell?" and so on, the extra "romance" (and it all helps, doesn't it?) of being written by a young man in the City in an off-moment or something — do wish I could just scribble a successful play or two in *my* spare time, don't you? *And* afterwards being snapped up all of a sudden by a London manager, moment after a semi-private début *chez* the Repertory Players. Who, by the way, aren't a mere highbrow society, not by any means, and gave a perfectly good dance at the Suffolk Galleries the other night, with Fay Compton and Nelson Keys and lots of other *real* actors and actresses to add lustre to the gay scene.

REGULAR floods of dances ahead, by the way, among them a competition one in aid of St. Dunstan's at the old Grafton Galleries to-night. And another I'm asked to tell you of is at the Hyde Park on Friday, a *thé dansant* for the blind babies' home run by the National Institute for the Blind. Oh, and by the way, yet another ball for the babies at the Ritz this (Wednesday) night to help the Infants' Hospital in Vincent Square, which badly needs more money. And next there begins the stream of private dances that are always one of the signals for the opening of the real season.

AND in the midst of it all . . . why not? . . . do you remember what to-morrow is? April 25, Anzac Day. The day of that wonderful landing at Gallipoli, a memory that still thrills us with deep joy and sorrow for the heroism and tragedy of it all. And before we start out for our theatre and dance, just one more glass to its memory and to all their memories. A silent toast. . . .

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Everybody's Doing It

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Old Bill feels that Arsenic is at present not being put to its best uses

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

WHEN is a hero not a hero? In life V.C.'s have been known to break the laws and live for a while in prison. But in novels? Heroes, of course, may have "lapses," but the "lapses" must not be so bad as they seem, and there must be a cunning excuse for them in the penultimate chapter. On the other hand, villains may have their good points without giving offence. Or they may reform altogether, and even marry the heroine. But there are rules about the business. What are we to say, then, about Courtney Thane, a young man who plays the chief part in Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's new story, *Quill's Window* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net)? For he undoubtedly begins as the hero. Surely he is the best type of young American-ex-Service man with a very fine record? He must be, for when he is sent into the country to recuperate, does he not meet the heroine, Alix Crown, the local squiress, in odd circumstances, and does she not give him a piece of her mind which *must* lead the way to a romance? And, indeed, the romance follows; yet it is very far from being the romance that you expect. Miss Alix's love affairs do not follow the novelette path, nor does Mr. Thane conform to tradition. I have no intention of spoiling your pleasure, but content myself with saying that *Quill's Window* is a good story, which leaves you in doubt as to Thane's real character until just the right moment.

⁂

IN Mr. Galsworthy's new play, General Canynge says to a Jew: "You seem to have your race on the brain," and, after reading Mr. Gilbert Cannan's new novel, *Sembal* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), you feel inclined to agree with the general. Sembal, the Jew, is a dour enough figure, young, clever, keyed up to an almost impossible pitch, never able to forget that he is a Jew and so, in his own view, a man apart, eternally battling at once against others and himself. He is an idealist who ends up as—what? As a Jew, I suppose.

⁂

ONCE again you have Mr. Cannan using an England at war as his background. Most of his characters, including the hero, have already appeared in *Pugs and Peacocks*. You have Melian Stokes going to prison again, and you learn more of that queer family, the Dukes. Here, however, there is a new figure, Mrs. Nathan, of Lancaster Gate, the wife of a rich Jew who is art-dealer and would-be exquisite. She is of the pushing type, in process of becoming "English," though never forgetful of her race, or of her poor relation, Sembal himself. In fact, she comes to dominate him, and brings about what some people may call his destiny and others his ruin. *Sembal* is a fine piece of work, stark and biting and raw, but it is as uncomfortable as its predecessor, and you cannot help wishing that Mr. Cannan would leave the War and the little group that disapproved of everything in it, and weave a happier and (perhaps) more adventurous story.

⁂

SPORTSMEN and others will enjoy Mr. Harding Cox's *Chasing and Racing* (Lane: 12*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. Cox must have obtained a great deal of good fun and excitement from life, whether he was riding to hounds or racing "with the worst seat and the best pair of hands" in England, or telling King Edward the truth about his dog. You will hardly envy his nocturnal adventure into the Kennels, and, maybe, you will, if you know not Ruff's guide, be hearing of some splendid horses for the first time; but the book is amusing light fare, and Mr. Cox is not afraid of a story against himself.

R. S.

Sunday

"The Journal with a high Standard of Efficiency, of human interest, and of devotion to National Ideals."

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HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO 7.

Yard of the "OSTRICH," Colnbrook: A half timbered Inn on the Old Bath Road. Much of its mediaeval timbering still in evidence. Has a gruesome history of wholesale murders, although the resting place in the 18th Century of many famous travellers.

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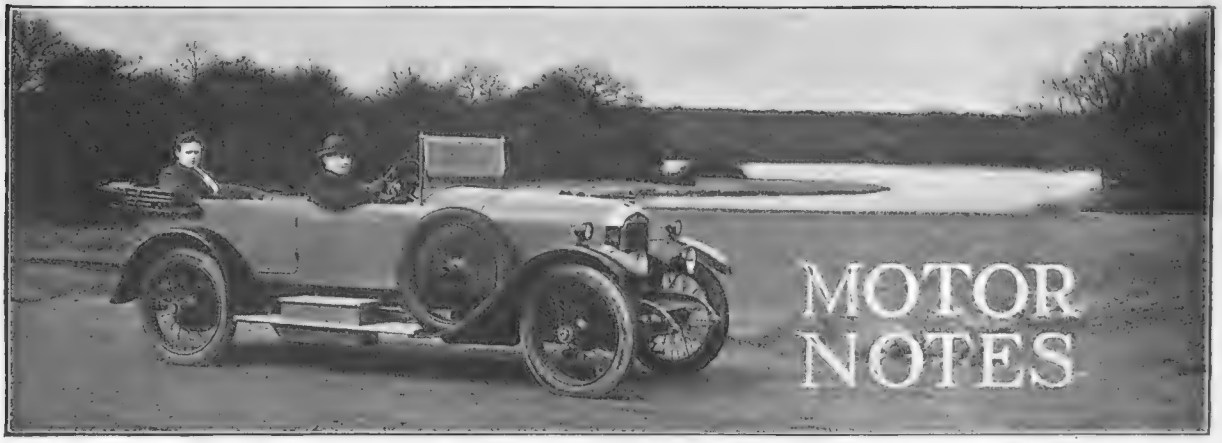

A FAMOUS CAR

The 1922 model of the famous pre-war 4-cylinder 15/20 h.p. Straker-Squire embodies many original features, and still retains that general excellence for which it has always been noted

Several new features have been introduced in the latest model—type "C" it is called—of the 15.9 h.p. Arrol-Johnston car, so I borrowed one the other day to see how it ran. Mind you, this was no new car just out of the factory, as a friend of mine had a week or so previously humped it along on French roads for a month, and it was not new then. Consequently it gave one a pretty good idea how it would wear in careless hands, as my pal does not live in the garage, as some owners do, when he has spare time on his hands. Anyway, I was greatly impressed by the improved running of the new Arrol-Johnston all-weather model, as the lengthening of the stroke ten millimetres—from 120 mm. to 130 mm.—has given the engine greater pulling power and no increase in the tax, mark you. Though there were a few body squeaks the doors and windows did not rattle a bit, and I think these were only in the hood that possibly I could have cured in ten minutes. But as it was not my car I left this to be done by its owner, careless fellow, if he chooses. On the track at Brooklands I did a lap at forty-nine miles an hour, but as it was driven as an enclosed car the wind resistance must have been very high, so with this cut down its maximum speed must be a good deal better.

* * *

What I liked about this Arrol-Johnston 15.9 h.p. car is that the new design of the frame is remarkably strong and the springing is good, while the front and rear suspensions are well gaitered to keep them free from water and grit as well as grease retaining. On the Surrey hills very little gear changing was required, as practically it is a top-gear running car all the time, though changing either up or down, is easy, and requires no tricks. Also, I am glad that the petrol tank has been shifted from the dashboard to the rear, and an Autovac feed to the carburettor has been fitted. Now there is no smell of petrol by the front seats when it is enclosed, as was the case in the old model. The brakes are splendid, as Box Hill demonstrated, and the steering is not heavy, so there is little fatigue in driving. As I did not empty the tank I did not test its petrol consumption, but on a long day's outing I imagine it must have run about twenty-two miles or more to the gallon, otherwise I should have heard the usual engine-cough for lack of fuel. It has a nice quiet back axle, with spiral bevel drive, and this is built stronger than the old pattern, so can stand all the hard driving anyone cares to give it. It strikes me as a good serviceable touring car to carry fair-sized loads without trouble or worry, and what more can anyone want?

* * *

When I hear that so important a firm as the United States Rubber Company has concluded its three years' test of their new Royal Cord tyre, 30 in. by 3½ in., with beaded edge, I am glad I have never lost faith in this type, with all the talkee-talkee as to straight-edge tyres putting all others out of the market. Also, I feel confident that it will be a serviceable wheel covering, as this firm do not lightly put an article on the market with full confidence of its acceptance by motor-users. I believe that the reason these protagonists of the straight-edge have come back to the beaded-edge tyre is that motorists have thought the straight-edge, as a tyre, is everything to be desired; the flange fixtures of the wheels do let the wet percolate past them, which eventually does harm. No doubt the perfect detachable flange will be designed one day or other, and then all will be well. Also, in Great Britain the great majority of cars are fitted with wheels to take beaded-edge tyres, and not the straight-edge type, so that for the English market the demand is greater for the earlier type.

* * *

Somehow or other I fancy the big cars must have a greater patronage than the lovers of the little light ones will ever believe possible. It must be so, as there are no fewer than fifty-five different makes on the British market which cost over £1,000 apiece to purchase. And none of these makes are expected to put the shutters up, so they must sell their goods sufficiently to keep things going. What has happened is, I believe, that the small motor-car has brought quite a lot of folk on the road who never thought of being carriage folk in the horse-days of long ago. The people who cater for them never had any dealings with the motor-carriage owner proper, and so they can hardly believe their eyes that so many £1,000 and upwards cars are really sold each year. And long may it be so. As there are over 150 choices between £400 and £800 the competition for orders is still keener in the middle field, but the real puzzle is to find out how many cycle-cars exist in the £200 class and under that are going to live a long life in this world of commerce. Old Hy.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

An interesting photograph of the ancient Porte Guillaume, at the entrance to the town of Chartres, which dates back to the 7th century, and outside it a complete antithesis in the shape of the latest 1922 40/50 h.p. 6-cyl. Napier, the most advanced car yet built

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The Bystander, 26/4/1922

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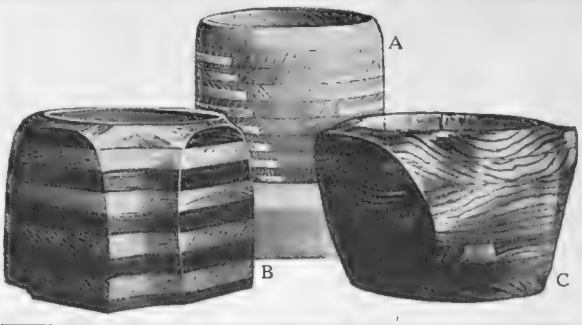

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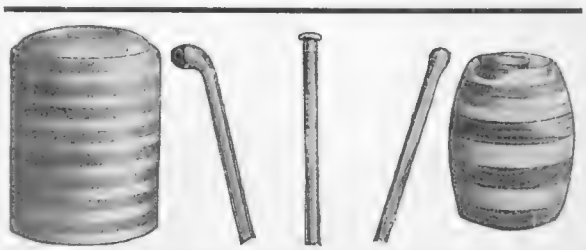

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THE fascination of Suède leather shoes continues, and is indeed on the increase. To be able to match one's gowns in colour and in a material so soft and delightful to the eye is a real pleasure, while the wear and comfort is also so satisfactory. Norvic Suède Shoes are made of superfine calf skins.

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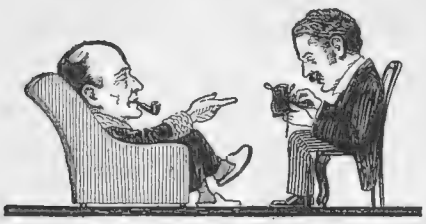

SHERLOCK HOLMES: "You will observe, my dear Watson, that the Laces are Paton's. It is, therefore, obvious that the wearer is a man of great discrimination."

Unfortunately for themselves few people pay sufficient attention to the laces they buy, with the result that some get laces that break quickly, others laces that are a continual source of annoyance because the tags come off, and many laces that soon look shabby.

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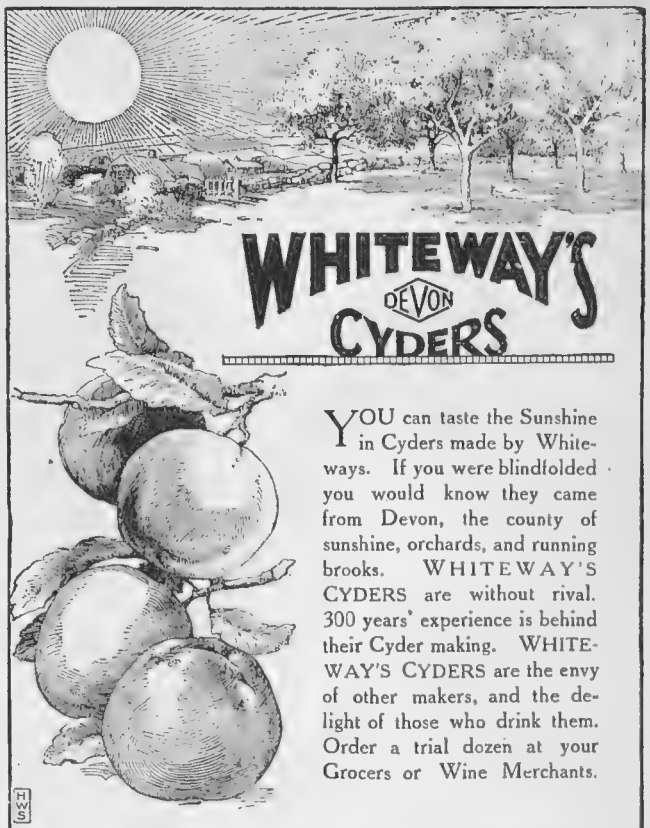

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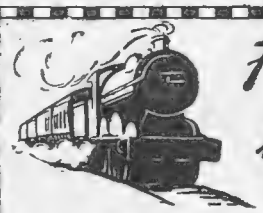

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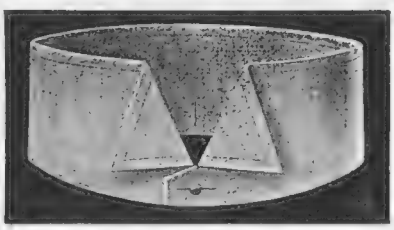

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A visit of inspection is cordially invited. Come to Harrods to-day!

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WHEN an umbrella carries the **"Escort"** Seal attached to the handle, you may know at once that it represents the very best in umbrella value. When you see that the umbrella you purchase bears this seal you will be certain of a very long service of usefulness. **"Escort" Umbrellas** are made to look and to wear well. The foundation is a Fox's frame, and a carefully selected stick. The cover is splendid stormproof material, excellent alike for its appearance, quality and strength. There is a wide variety of finely shaped handles, in well-seasoned canes and woods, to select from.

Made from high-grade materials throughout, **"Escort" Umbrellas"** are the best that skilful manufacture can produce.

Ask your outfitter or retailer to show you a selection. Look for the red seal and the name **"Escort"**, written upon it. The range is wide, and the prices are reasonable. From **21/-** upwards according to style selected. Escort parasols and en-tout-cas possess the same distinguishing qualities as **"Escort" Umbrellas.**

If unable to obtain, write Manufacturers, "Escort" Umbrellas, 5 & 9, Paddington Street, London, W.1. for name of nearest dealer.

Lady with Faded Hair: *"My dear, how young you look. Your hair is wonderful."*

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Women who study their appearance are looking years younger than their Mothers did at their age. Women are refusing to look old before they need by neglecting their hair and allowing it to fade, grey and lose its colour, now that Ladies' Hairdressers everywhere are able to restore absolutely natural and long-lasting natural colouring to the hair.

A woman's prime of life is so short without the wonderful hair colouring used and known everywhere as "Inecto-Rapid." *With "Inecto-Rapid" a woman doubles that span of her life in which her charms are at their best.*

A Royal Princess writes:—"Inecto" has given me the greatest satisfaction, and every woman who has once enjoyed its beauty-aiding hair colour restoring and preserving advantages would not be without it "for worlds."

All the leading Ladies' Hairdressers apply it within 15 to 30 minutes—according to the quantity of hair to be treated. Or it can be self-applied at home.

Ask any Ladies' Hairdresser for *"The Inecto-Rapid Booklet"* or write for a copy *gratis and post free.*

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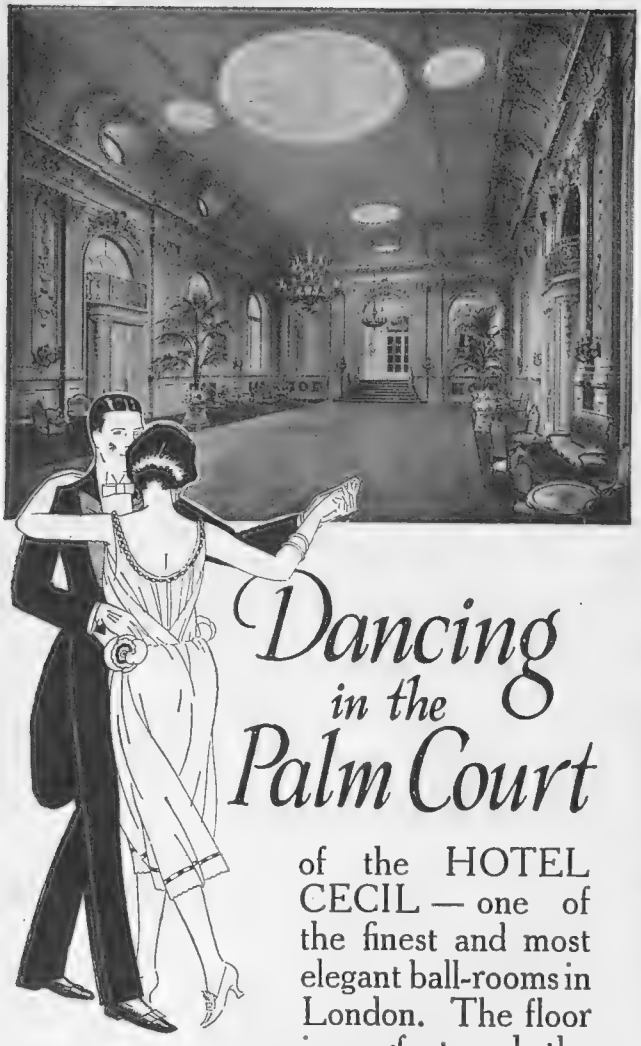

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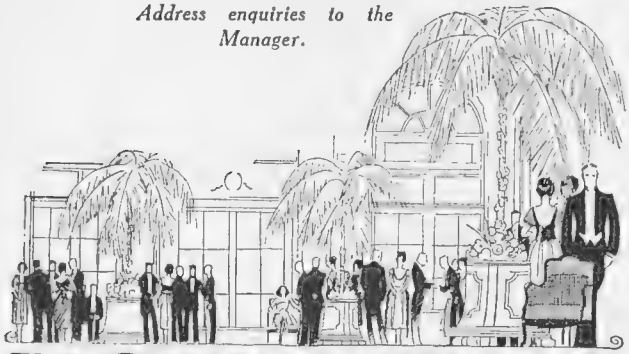

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it shows up little spots and defects upon your clothes overlooked during dull winter days. To make them bright and fresh—in keeping with the bright days—they should be properly cleaned and pressed by reliable cleaners.

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MELLOW MIXTURE

CIGARETTES

SOLD IN PACKETS.

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Of all Tobacconists.

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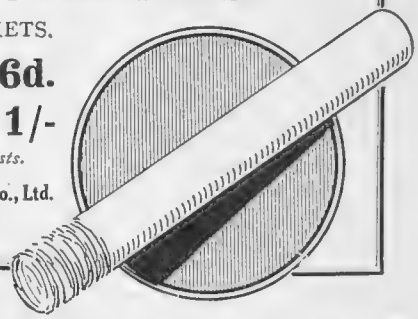

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Obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.

ANZORA

Masters the Hair

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., Willesden Lane, London, N.W. 6

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Perfect Tailor-Made

JUDGING by the constant *va-et-vient* at Burberrys, Haymarket, where I called the other day to learn of the spring doings there, the demand for the strict, rather severe type of tailor-made has never been exceeded. Business is not buzzing for nothing in these *salons*, the sections devoted to the fair sex being literally besieged by buyers, not merely prospecting round, but intent on making purchases. Always the best of signs, and easily accounted for at this particular house by the sound quality of the goods, the fine cut, workmanship, and last, but by no means least, the clever little individual touches they contrive to embody in the simplest of designs.

Who, for instance, would suspect the presence of some tiny pleats in back and front of the coat illustrated, pleats severely pressed and finished with sprats heads, and responsible for a certain easy fit and character that at once catches and pleases the eye. For the rest this is just the quiet semi-fit style, that never dates and never looks out of place.

The suit is built of a fine, fawn-coloured tweed overchecked with narrow lines of dull orange, a most effective alliance, and is lined with Burberry's well-known Urber silk. The skirt, too, is especially good, the fullness congregated on either hip, where it is controlled by a deep yoke band ornamented with buttons; while the becoming pull-on hat is of stitched suede, exactly toned to the tweed, and represents one of the newest season's shapes, slightly reminiscent of a sailor with narrow brim. And it is this stamp of suit that is attracting the greatest amount of attention, built in tweeds, lovats, and light weight solax.

Other styles there are for those who prefer them, with low-belted coats, a particular model after this manner being carried out in a bluish grey Lovat, with most original pointed pocket flaps. A big success also is a new overcoat made of covert that has wide box-pleats over the hips. This can be had either a seven-eighth length, or cut off just below the hips, and both aspects are as novel as they are pleasing, a model that is fighting in serious rivalry the long loose *sac* shape, that is the epitome of *chic*, fashioned in grey mixture overchecked in a colour. These coats are possessions no woman who is fond of racing should lack.

Plissé Chiffon

THE uses of this transparency are becoming more extensive and peculiar every minute. On the Riviera there was a perfect furore for *plissé* chiffon and georgette frocks, and exceedingly attractive they appear to have been in the latest modish tones of cyclamen, *havane* brown, and burnt orange. While another use to which *plissé* stuffs are being put is as a *fond* to slashed up or many panel skirts of *faille*.

AN ATTRACTIVE SUIT

Of fine fawn-coloured tweed overchecked with narrow lines of dull orange, the coat is most adaptable for any weather. The skirt is especially good, the fullness congregated on either hip, where it is controlled by a deep yoke band ornamented with buttons. The hat is a becoming pull-on affair of stitched suede

Sketched at Burberry's by Betty Nisbet

FOR THE EVENING

Cyclamen mauve faille composes this charming little evening frock which is worn over a fond of plissé chiffon

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Maybe some of our readers possess an all-round skirt of taffetas, or *faille*, of which they have grown weary, and if that is the case, let their attention wander over the adjoined sketch of a hard little evening frock. The colour is immaterial, but that which matters is the way the all-round skirt has been slit up into panels, cut square at the hem, and mounted over a *plissé* chiffon petticoat in tone.

The corsage also is merely a suggestion, though one thoroughly up-to-date, rather hard and severe of line, with a quaint capuchin fichu of the silk draped low down over the shoulders, and a great velvet cactus or orchid posed on one hip. This is exactly as it should be, though the panels if liked may be shorter and rounded instead of square, these giving gracefully as the wearer moves to reveal the *plissé* under-dress.

A Notable Impetus to Embroidery

NEEDLECRAFT in its every form, and especially that delicate drawn thread-work and fine white

FASHIONS FANCIES (continued)

embroideries so closely connected with convents, has, during the last two decades, taken on quite a fresh and very much improved lease of life; and without any prejudice or undue partiality, it may be said that far and away the most influential factor has been the Old Bleach Linen Company, Ltd.

The fame of this pure sun-bleached cloth is known the world over. It has no equal or rival, and whether offered in the exquisite double damask for table use, that is like satin to the touch, or as sheets, the smoothness of which sends a thrill of joy through those who are fastidious, in the more loosely woven crash, ideal for embroideries, or the sheer quality, perfection for *au dessous*, the same unqualified value is apparent.

Prior to the War this firm held periodical competitions for embroideries, and after the necessary closure exacted by the world-wide crisis, they have re-opened these events, offering £1,000 in prizes as a stimulus. The response surpassed the highest expectations, and as a whole year was allowed for the specimens to be sent in the judging, which took place the other day, proved a particularly arduous task.

Embroideresses throughout the world competed, and so long as Old Bleach linen was used the licence in the matter of kind and style of *broderie* was practically unlimited, while there were special sections for professionals and amateurs, adults and juniors. And in the opinion of the three experts who gave their services as judges, respectively Mrs. Rolleston, editress of *The Embroideress*; Miss Bradshaw, Principal of the Royal School of Needlework, South Kensington; and Miss Symonds, editress of *Needlecraft*, the exhibition was infinitely the finest, from every point of view, ever held. Although their task, as has been said, was no sinecure, and was only completed just in time for the Press display held on April 13 at the Hotel Cecil.

AN EVENT IN THE EMBROIDERY YEAR
The judges inspecting some of the fine work in the national embroidery competition organised by the Old Bleach Linen Co., Ltd. Several thousand pieces of the most exquisite needlework were submitted

Spring-Time Reflections

BY no means among the pleasantest is the annual disturbance known as spring-cleaning. But this has to be faced, and the only way is to attack it in the speediest and most economical manner possible, for we are all out for economy these days, the middle and upper-classes being especially keen on that score.

It is a question, in most cases, of making do with what one has, consequently spring-cleaning mostly resolves into having existing possessions furbished up and the ravages of the climatic conditions obtaining during the long winter months removed.

(Continued on page xii)

Hamptons will gladly send one of their Engineers, by appointment, to advise and give an exact estimate for

Sanitary Work, Heating, Hot Water Supply

Drains tested and reports prepared by certificated Engineers. It is essential that immediate attention be given to this before commencing SPRING CLEANING. New Bathrooms fitted complete. Designs prepared for tiling.

DECORATIONS

Structural Alterations, Panelling, Plain Painting, Distempering.

Please write or telephone Building Dept., Gerrard 30, for one of Hamptons' Representatives to call and take your instructions to estimate for any work which you intend having executed this Spring or later.

Hamptons' New Pattern Books of

WALLPAPERS

for Spring, 1922, may now be had free, on loan.

Book No. 1. General Selection. From 1/8 to 12/6 per piece.
Book No. 2. Plain Effects Only. From 1/6 to 13/- per piece.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING

Hamptons' have a large permanent staff of electricians, and are prepared to carry out Electric Light to Town or Country Houses, Telephones, Bells, etc., under careful supervision. Estimates free.

Hamptons' Semi-Automatic Electric Light Plants for Country Houses, Bungalows, Farms, etc.

25 Volt £145 complete. 50 Volt £167 complete.

Full illustrated particulars will be sent post free on application.

HAMPTONS' "POPULAR" CAST-IRON PARALLEL BATH, with three-inch roll edge, white porcelain enamelled inside, with nickel-plated three-quarter pillar valves and plug waste. Inside dimensions 5 ft. 6 in. - - Price £11 15 6

HAMPTONS' No. 54. WHITE EARTHENWARE PEDESTAL LAVATORY, with back and side skirtings nickel-plated, ¼-turn easy-clean valves, 1¼ in. nickel-plated outlet washer and rubber plug, chain and stay. Size 27 x 22 in. Price £8 2 6

HAMPTONS' NICKEL-PLATED TOWEL RAIL, with unions, air cock ¼ in. valve. Size 36 in. x 36 in. wide 1¼ tube - - - - - - Price £6 2 9

HAMPTONS DELIVER TO HOUSE BY OWN MOTOR VANS OR PAY CARRIAGE TO ANY RAILWAY STATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

HAMPTONS

Decorators · Furnishers

PALL MALL EAST
LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone:
GERRARD 30

A Week in the Life of a "Decca."

Monday. At home; in the evening orchestral music on the Decca.
Tuesday. Visited a convalescent friend. Took the Decca—by request.
Wednesday. At home. Visitors. A recital on the Decca—very much appreciated!
Thursday. John brought home three new records. Heard each one twice. John delighted; said they sounded better on the Decca than on the big cabinet at the Stores.
Friday. Wet. Children couldn't go out, so had the Decca in the nursery. Happy the whole day long.
Saturday. A few friends in for a dance. Decca—tucked away in the corner—provided the music. Everyone delighted.

THE DECCA

THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

FULL, NATURAL TONE.
CLEAR REPRODUCTION.
READY INSTANTLY OPENED.
VERY LIGHT AND COMPACT.

Model 1. Leather Cloth .. £5 10 0
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Model 2. Compressed Fibre } 7 15 0
Nursery Decca .. .. }
Model 3. Solid Cowhide .. } 10 10 0
Model 4. Brass-Bound Teak }

Of Music Dealers, Stores, etc.

"Decca" Book (illustrated) on request.

THE DULCEPHONE CO.,
34, Worship Street, London, E.C. 2.

Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd. (Wholesale only.)

Leave a Night-light burning, to dispel the children's fears

PRICE'S

NIGHT LIGHTS

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

And right here, as our American friends would say, stands Pullar, of Perth, a cleaning and dyeing establishment that has a reputation to live up to second to none. For four generations—think of it!—they have held a position that has never been questioned, and with their innumerable branches and agencies in every town and country place, it is the simplest procedure in the world to put the whole onus of spring-cleaning on their shoulders. Or, if preferred, goods can be despatched direct to Perth.

The Best Confectionery

There are few confectioners in London who give such wide assortment of pastries, cakes, etc., than do Buszard's, of Oxford Street. Their wide range of cakes, biscuits, chocolates, and sweets makes choice an easy matter, and in purchasing one has the added incentive of knowing that everything is of the best and will give complete satisfaction. For the coming summer their special luncheon hampers should have a wide appeal, as they obviate all the trouble of preparation at home.

A Sound Concern

The Ardath Tobacco Company, Ltd., manufacturers of the State Express Cigarettes, is among the industrial concerns making good at the present time. For the year 1921 the disposable net profit, after deducting directors' remuneration, liberal depreciation, and providing for all taxation, amounts to £112,682 in comparison with £65,962 for 1920. The directors state that the business of the company, both at home and overseas, has successfully surmounted the difficulties of trade existing during the year, and this is all the more satisfactory because we understand that the greater part of this profit is earned abroad.

AN INIMITABLE COMEDIAN

Mr. Alfred Lester, who is now playing with much success in "The Fun of the Fayre" at the London Pavilion, where he pessimistically predicts each night that "Some day a little germ will get you"

A Laundry Problem Solved

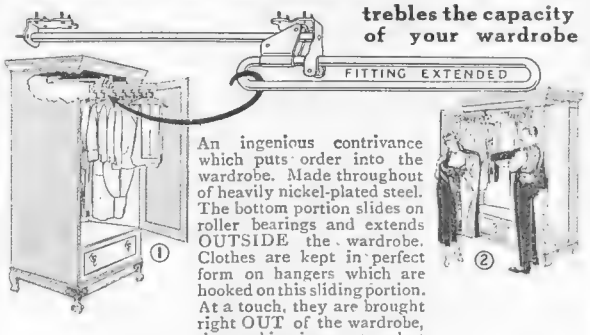
How very often is the happiness of many homes spoilt by the ever-present spectre of drudgery, and how often does this take material shape in the problem of the laundry, for it must be admitted that the weekly washing day in many homes is the source of great domestic upheaval. The "Darenta" Six-Minutes Washing Machine, made by Vickers, Ltd., entirely eliminates the drudgery of washing, and, as its name implies, reduces the "washing day" to a "washing hour." Another Vicker's product which is a labour and time-saving instrument is their Improved Vibrating Shuttle Sewing Machine, and this also has innumerable advantages over other makes.

A Book for the Bairns

The scarcity of really good books for children has always been a matter for comment both among publishers and men of letters. The recent publication by D. and W. Gibbs, Ltd., of the *Ivory Castle Fairy Book* may, therefore, be regarded as something of an event. Although this book appeared only about a year ago, it has already brought delight to hundreds of thousands of British youngsters—a record which few of the books named above could equal. The reader may obtain a complimentary copy of the *Ivory Castle Fairy Book* by sending his name and address and a 2*d.* stamp for postage to D. and W. Gibbs, Ltd., Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.

Watts's Patent Wardrobe Fitting

trebles the capacity of your wardrobe



An ingenious contrivance which puts order into the wardrobe. Made throughout of heavily nickel-plated steel. The bottom portion slides on roller bearings and extends OUTSIDE the wardrobe. Clothes are kept in perfect form on hangers which are hooked on this sliding portion. At a touch, they are brought right OUT of the wardrobe, thus making it easy to select the garment required.

Fig. 1.—*Illustrating its suitability for small wardrobes.*
Fig. 2.—*Showing how two or more Watts's Fittings can be fixed side by side in large wardrobes.*
Fig. 3.—*A Watts's Fitting under a shelf converts a corner or alcove into an up-to-date and inexpensive wardrobe.*

All Sizes—Price **12/6** each.
Hangers from 1/6 each.
Carriage Paid in the United Kingdom.

Easy to fix—nothing to go wrong. Suitable for Ladies' or Gentlemen's clothing. Various sizes, from 10 to 20 inches (when closed). When ordering, state INSIDE back-to-front wardrobe measurement. Send for descriptive list.

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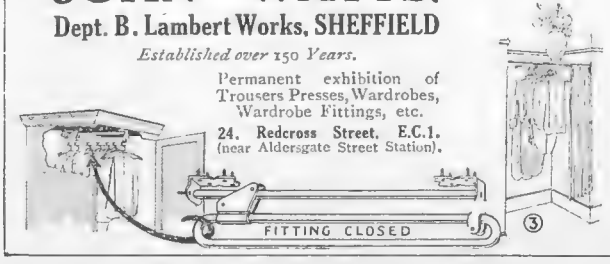
Dept. B. Lambert Works, SHEFFIELD
Established over 150 Years.

Permanent exhibition of Trousers Presses, Wardrobes, Wardrobe Fittings, etc.
24. Redcross Street. E.C.1.
(near Aldersgate Street Station).



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Per **6/6** bottle.
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All-Weather equipment standardized to open models.

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Shape 45

THIS is the collar for young men who need new styles and older men who don't need old styles.

An improved Polo Shape—both comfortable and correct for the season. Band—cut with locking top—1¼ in. deep in front. Points 2¾ ins.

Quarter sizes——four to the inch from 14 to 18 ins. Also in 13½ & 18½ ins.

1/- each - Six for 6/-

At all Austin Reed Shops
Sample Collar and Booklet Post Free, 1/-
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AUSTIN REED LTD
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NINE LONDON SHOPS
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REDUCED PRICES

This DRY CLEANING by post system is the essence of simplicity and economy. Every Post Office is an agent, simply post the soiled article to us, and we do the rest. Our process is justly famous, and the prices are :—

BLOUSES.. .. 2s.
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Parcels returned very quickly.
Postage paid one way.

BRAND & MOLLISON, LTD.,
City of Glasgow Dyeworks,
MARYHILL, GLASGOW.

"The whole of my success in life is due to

SANATOGEN"

(The True Tonic Food)

London, March 2, 1922.

TO GENATOSAN, LTD.,
LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

Dear Sirs,

Though for obvious reasons I wish to remain anonymous, I take the liberty of writing to you with my own hand by way of repaying to your Company a debt of long standing. The whole of my success in life is due to Sanatogen.

"I suffered a Nervous Breakdown."

I am 48 years of age, and head of a large financial business in the City of London. Though I have always enjoyed good health, I was born with a highly nervous temperament of the well-known type which 'lives on its nerves,' and eventually, usually at about or before middle age, breaks down. In fact, in 1905, I suffered a nervous breakdown from overwork, and from then on to 1913, when Sanatogen was first called to my attention (through an advertisement) I was always working on the very edge of my nervous powers, and frequently was obliged to take long rests in which to recuperate. All this time I was engaged in extremely active work, in a large way.

"Sanatogen has made another man of me."

In 1913, I realised that I had reached the critical period of my career, and that the future of my business depended on the power with which I was able to grasp the opportunities then offering themselves. At the same time I was equally certain that my physical powers were not equal to the demands I should have to make on them.

I then experimented with Sanatogen. The result surprised me, for I discovered that forthwith all sense of strain and brain fatigue vanished. Since then I have never been without it—and it is *literally true* that it has made another man of me.

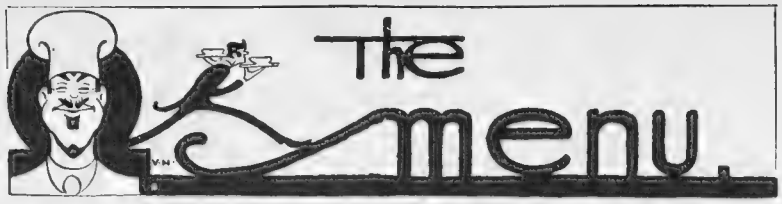
In the war despite my age, I served as an officer, abandoning my business to do so, and returning to civil life to find only my foundations left to me.

But the business has been rebuilt, I have accumulated a large fortune, and I am the head of a happy, tranquil, and successful family.

A MAJOR, D.S.O.

Would not Sanatogen benefit YOU? Get a supply TO-DAY.

All chemists sell Sanatogen, from 2/3 to 10/9 per tin.



LIGHT LUNCHEON DISHES

A Fricassée of Veal en Casserole
Veal Goulash
Lamb Cutlets in Aspic (Cold)
Grilled Chicken.. Tartare Sauce
Sweetbreads à la Crême with Asparagus

A Fricassée of Veal en Casserole

Cut rather more than 1 lb. of veal into thin slices, blanch in salted water, and put into a casserole. Add enough béchamel (good white sauce) to cover the meat, season with salt, white pepper, a pinch each of nutmeg and mace, and three slices of lemon. Peel six mushrooms, add them to the contents of the casserole, and cook slowly in the oven for forty minutes, stirring now and then. Remove the lemon-peel and serve in the casserole with fried potatoes and a cauliflower.

Veal Goulash

Take about 1 lb. of fillet of veal and cut it into dice. Peel and thinly slice a large onion, and fry it in a pan with 1 oz. of margarine until of a pale colour. Now put in the meat, season with salt and pepper, and cook over the fire or gas for a few minutes. Dredge the meat with about a tablespoonful of flour. Mix well with a gill of stock and a glass of claret or white wine. Cover the pan, and cook slowly for about an hour. Have ready two or three potatoes peeled and cut into cubes. Add these when the meat is half done. Dish up and serve hot with seakale or chicory.

Lamb Cutlets in Aspic (Cold)

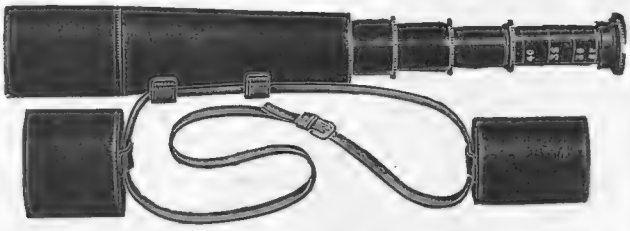
Cut and trim into small neat cutlets the best end of a neck of lamb; season with salt and pepper, fry them lightly in a little margarine or butter, press them between two plates, and when cold mask them over thickly with brown sauce, into which stir two teaspoonfuls of aspic, one teaspoonful of mint sauce, and one dessertspoonful of Worcester Sauce. Dish up the cutlets in the form of a crown, put chopped aspic round, and some cut up tomatoes in the centre, with a little mayonnaise on the top.

Grilled Chicken. Tartare Sauce

Have a chicken drawn, and then cut it open through the back, beat it with a flat cutlet chopper until quite flat. Season it well with pepper and salt, put melted butter all over it, then roll it in breadcrumbs, place in a flat tin, and cook it nice and brown for about thirty minutes. Dish it with some potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel, and a sauce-boat of Tartare Sauce (as given in last week's issue).

Sweetbreads à la Crême

Blanch the sweetbreads in boiling water and then put them in cold water. Take them out and put them in some white stock or milk. Stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. Beat up the yolks of two eggs with some cream or milk, a little finely chopped parsley, some grated nutmeg, pepper and salt. Add to this the stock from the sweetbreads, and make it hot. Place the sweetbreads in an entrée dish, pour over them the sauce, and garnish with little rolls of fried bacon. Asparagus with cheese sauce would be an excellent accompaniment to this dish, and as it is rather early in the season for fresh asparagus I suggest the use of the bottled variety, an excellent substitute. While the asparagus is heating (this will only take a few minutes) prepare a rich cheese sauce. Pour this over the vegetable, and then place under the gas grill for a little while to brown. EMILIA



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A Portable Telescope with Pancratic Eyepiece giving magnifying powers of **25, 30, 35** and **40** diameters by adjustment of first tube. It has a 2¼ in. Object Glass, Leather-covered Body, Caps and Sling. Closes to 11 in. PRICE **£6 10 0.** Postage and insurance free.

These Telescopes are made up from parts left over from our War contracts for the Ministry of Munitions.

We are selling at this remarkable price to clear up stock.

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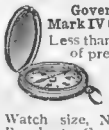

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,, 6	16in. x 24in.	200ft.	1¼in.	6in.	£15 12 6
,, 7	16in. x 30in.	240ft.	1¼in.	6in.	£18 15 4

GREENHOUSE	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0	x 11 0	x 8 0
,, 2 ,,	11 0	x 16 0	x 8 0
,, 3 ,,	11 0	x 21 0	x 8 0

GARAGE	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	20 0	x 20 0	x 10 0
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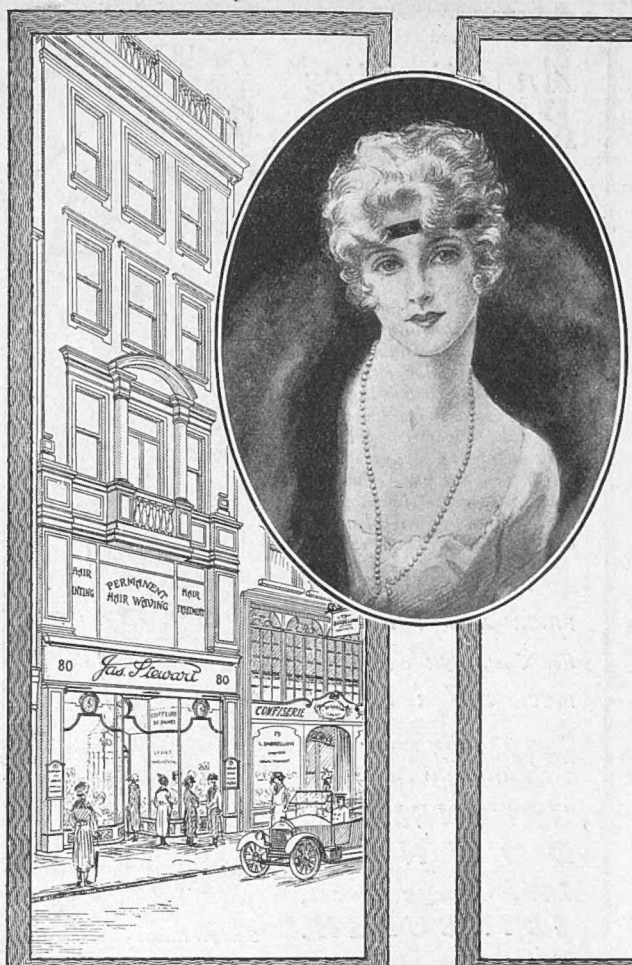

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CAMI - COMBINATION in heavy quality crepe de Chine entirely hand-made, and daintily trimmed with satin finished lace, having fulness at side which can be adjusted to suit any figure. In Lemon, Ivory, Pink, Mauve, Sky, Black.

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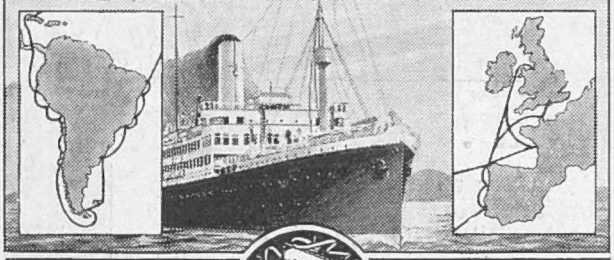

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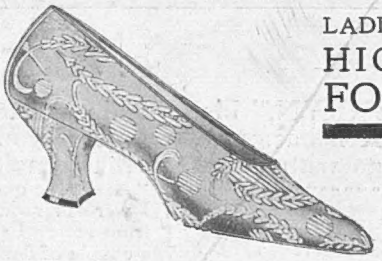
Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

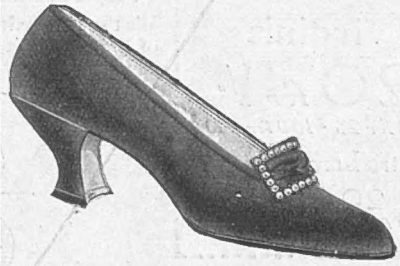
LADIES' RELIABLE HIGH-GRADE FOOTWEAR



Smart Black Brocade Shoe cut on the new untrimmed lines, with Louis XV heel.

Price

49/6



Smart Black Velvet Court Shoe, paste slide, suitable for afternoon or evening wear.

Price

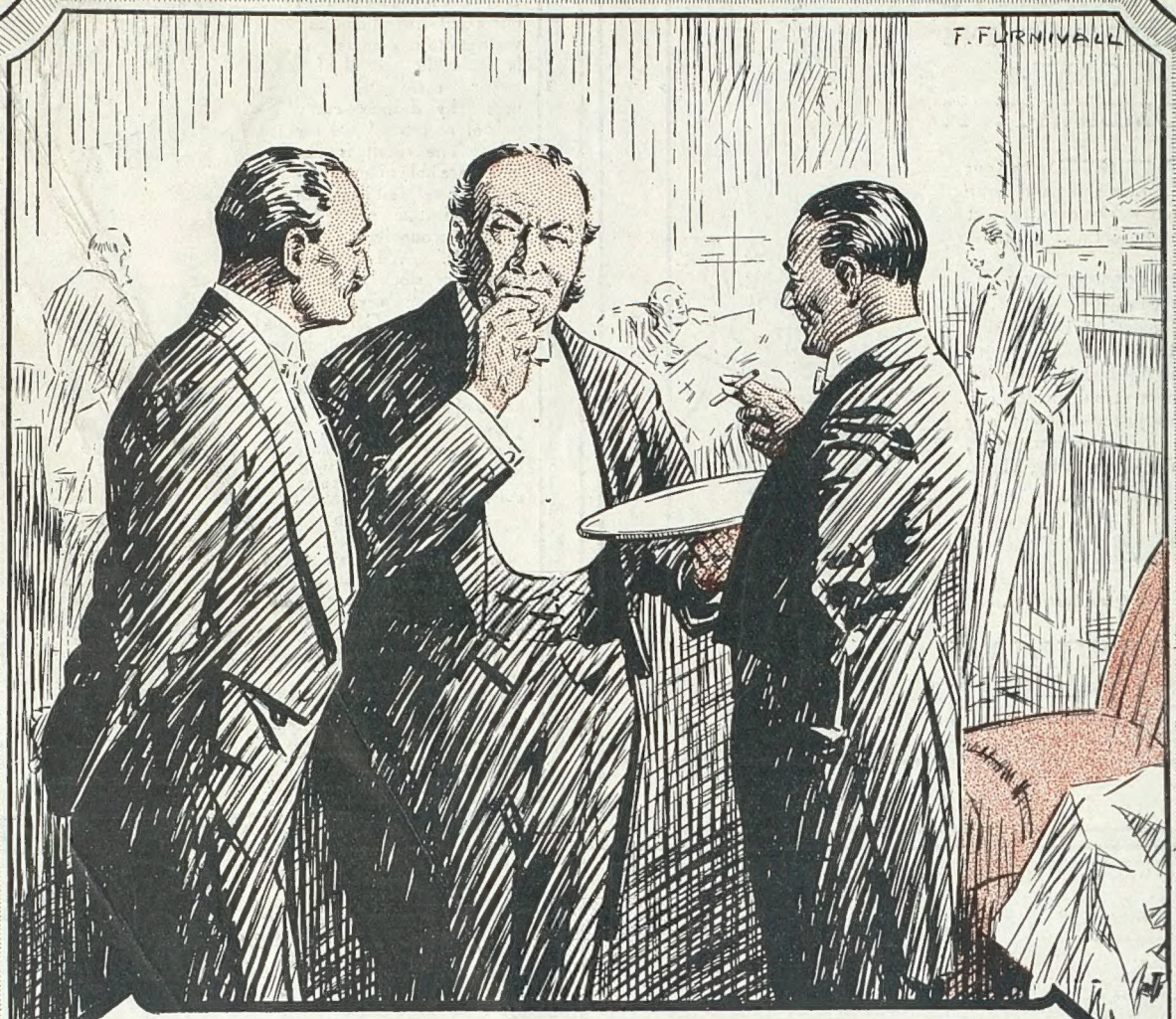
29/6

Smart Black Glacé Kid Jester Shoe, oxidized, Black Paris heel

Price

29/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.



Marooned!

"JENKYN," his lordship remarked, "you are so eternally cracking up Kensitas, now, tell me, if you could not get Kensitas, would you *really* go without rather than smoke any other?" "That, sir," I replied, "is a large question—a very large question. I daresay, sir, that if I were marooned on a desert island I would eat my—ahem—shirt front before I starved, but that would not prevent me from enjoying a couple of dozen Whitstable Natives as soon as I had the chance.

It's the same with Kensitas, sir, when we have plenty of the good things of life we don't stop to consider even the second best, and Kensitas, as you know, are *always*—'as good as really good cigarettes can be.'"

Standard Size Virginia
20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6 · 100 for 4/10
Extra Large Virginia
20 for 1/5
50 for 3/5 · 100 for 6/10

Manufacturers: J. Wix & Sons, 174-175-176 Piccadilly, W. 1

Kensitas Cigarettes

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